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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

COPPERHEAD ELOQUENCE.

[Selected from speeches made in Chicago, by Copperhead orators in attendance upon the "National Democratic Convention."]

"Hon." Mr. Reed of Indiana said:

"He advised open and above-board resistance to the draft. If Lincoln and his satraps attempted to enforce it blood would flow in our streets, and it would be right it should flow. Lincoln was already damned to all eternity, and he did not know if even this iniquitous measure would materially affect the estimation in which the people held him. He had taken considerable pains to inform himself of the opinion of the people in relation to this draft, and he found it altogether condemned. There was but one opinion in this matter, and that was, if the draft was not enforced, there would be peace. Mr. Lincoln had tried war for three years; he had slain our people by countless thousands, and blood enough had been shed to float the largest ship of war in the world. He said we might as well make up our minds to the fact that it was impossible to whip the South. He advised his hearers to shoot down those who would enforce the draft; to insist upon the right of the writ of habeas corpus; to resist to the bitter end the attempt to make the military power superior to the civil, and to openly arm themselves, that they might be prepared for horrible contingencies."

Mr. C. Chauncey Burr said:

"You cannot have the face to ask the South to come back into the Union until you withdraw your marauding army.

"Is there a man in this audience that wants to have one-half of the States conquered and subjected? ('No.') When this is done you have ended the government. After three years of war, who are conquered, you or the South? I say you are conquered. You cannot conquer the South, and I pray God you never may."

James S. Rollins of Missouri said:

"I love our Southern friends; they are a noble, a brave and a chivalrous people (cheers), although they are trying to break up the government; and however much we may hate them, we must remember that they are our countrymen, and cannot be subdued so long as we insist upon depriving them of their rights."

The Rev. J. A. McMaster said:

"Show me a War Democrat to-day, and I will show you a shoddy Abolitionist in disguise. A man who is in favor of this unnatural war insults the holy name of Democracy when he claims a place in its organization. He is a Judas, and should be cast out as an enemy to humanity and to God. War, and blood, and rapine, and murder, is the legitimate business of the Lincoln minion. We wash our hands clean of all participation in it.

"But we are told that we must be forced to carry arms in this unholy fight. Soon the net is to be drawn that will gather in its half million more to feed the insatiable thirst for blood of the negro God. Let us demand a cessation of the sacrifice until the people shall pronounce their great and emphatic verdict for peace, and let the tyrant understand that the demand comes from earnest men and must be respected.

"We are often called the 'Unterrified.' I trust you are. I hope that your nerves may be of steel, for there is a day of trial coming, and you must meet it. There will be Provost-Marshals, who will sneak into your family circles, and spy into your domestic relations, and perhaps cast you into an Abolition bastile. Then I trust to find you 'unterrified' indeed. Let not the threats of bayonets or greenbacks of this Heaven-cursed Administration frighten you; but if you are to die, die as becomes men, in a struggle for your rights; live not as becomes slaves. In the platform of the Convention to-morrow we shall have embodied the glorious and sublime doctrine of peace."

"Hon." Mr. Curtis of New York said:

"I trust the day will never come when the scenes witnessed in the Commonwealth of Kentucky [he means refusing to let rebels and disunionists swamp Union ballot boxes with their votes] will be enacted on this soil. But, if that day should come, before God and in the sight of Heaven, I would invoke the aid of counter revolution (loud cheers). A people who submit to that degree of outrage and tyranny which destroys the charter of their liberties, are not fitted to live and stand up as men, but should lie down and die as slaves."

"Capt." Koonts of Pittsburg said:

"Lincoln was now played out, the opposition to him was going to be bold and powerful, there must be no underhand work, and if Democrats catch Lincoln's b—y satrap spies among them, they must cut their d—d throats, that's all (applause). It is the duty of every American to vote for a peace candidate. Shall more wives be made widows, and more children fatherless, and greater hate be stirred up between children of the same glorious Constitution? If not, we must put our foot on the tyrant's neck, and destroy it. The Democratic government must be raised to power, and Lincoln, with his Cabinet of rogues, thieves and spies, be driven to destruction. What shall we do with him? (A Voice—'Send him here, and I'll make a coffin for him, d—n him.') Yes, d—n him and his miserable followers. I should like to see the noble George B. McClellan as President (cheers), and that great Democrat, Horatio Seymour, should occupy the position of Secretary of State."

"Hon." Mr. Trainor of Ohio said:

"If you wish for peace, great, glorious peace, vote for the nominee of the Democratic Convention. Now the President has called for 500,000 more. Shall he have them? ('No, No,' from the audience.) The Democratic party want peace; for if we don't get it we will have to submit to a military despot.

"He would urge the people to be freemen, and hurl Abraham Lincoln and his minions from power. There is no difference between a War Democrat and an Abolitionist. They are both links in the same sausage made out of the same dog. Should resistance be offered at the polls to prevent our suffrage, let that resistance be met with resistance."

Mr. O. E. Perrine said:

"Let us say to these States, come back with all your rights, and not say to them as Abraham the first and Abraham the last (cheers) has said, that you can come back if you will give up your slaves (cheers). We have been told that the South had no resources, that their soldiers are naked and unfed. If they fight so well without anything to eat or wear, what in God's name will become of us if they ever get anything to wear and eat [cheers].

"He said that Lincoln already felt insecure, and that Mrs. Lincoln made him sleep on the back side of the bed, against the wall, for fear he would be gobbled up [cheers], but Mrs. Davis let Jeff sleep on the fore side and run around loose [laughter and renewed cheers]. We ask that the people shall bow down to the will of the people, and they have willed that George B. McClellan shall be nominated and elected [immense cheers]. Then we believe, one by one, the stars will come back upon our banner, and believe that concern at Washington will be buried" [cheers].

Isaiah Rynders said:

"He had denounced the unholy crusade against our Southern brethren, even before the first regiment was moved Southward. He saw the inevitable result of war—the waste, and blood and tears it would entail, and to this day he could say, and he said it with pride, that he had never said one word against the brave, the noble, the generous, the chivalrous people of the South, and he trusted in God he never would.

"Nearly half a million of those noble men had fallen in bloody graves, but they remain unconquered [cheers]. They can never be subdued, as they are a part of our own flesh and blood [loud applause]. Millions more of men may be torn from their homes to fall in the fight, but the task will fail, as it ought to do. The war is carried on for the nigger, and in God's name let the Abolitionists fight it out. We shall nominate our candidate on Monday, and place him squarely upon a platform of peace, and sweep the nation like a whirlwind. Those who count upon a division of the Democratic party will be disappointed. We are one and all for peace, and with this magic word upon our banner we shall sweep over the course, and roll into oblivion the black, negro-loving, negro-hugging worshippers of old Abe Lincoln."

Hon. Benjamin Allen of New York said:

"The people will soon rise, and if they cannot put Lincoln out of power by the ballot they will by the bullet" [loud cheers].

D. H. Mahoney of Dubuque, Iowa, said:

"The aggressions of the North, followed persistently for thirty years, compelled the South to withdraw, much against their will. To get them back you must repudiate the disgraceful treatment they received, and thrust from power the instruments of their attempted degradation. We must elect our candidate, and then holding out our hands to the South, invite them to come and sit again in our Union circle. [A Voice—'Suppose they won't come?'] If they will not come to us, then I am in favor of going to them [loud cheers]. Our Constitution can be made acceptable to them, and then I have the assurance that they will return and forget the past. You live in a day when men and not pigmies are needed. These are the times that try men's souls, and I might add, that they will try their nerves. I trust that the Democracy, which has never yet failed the country, will not falter now; but remembering the cause for which their fathers fought and died, be ready to emulate their example."

Hon. W. W. O'Brien of Illinois said:

"Taking advantage of an unholy war, they ride rough-shod over the rights of all. It has snatched our sons from us to aid in forcing upon us these galling wrongs. Let us resolve here to-night that he shall have no more white blood to prosecute this damnable war.

"But we have men who call themselves War Democrats; men who for the sake of power or pelf, went into the business of murder, and soaking their hands in fraternal blood, they hold them up to you, all dripping in gore, and say, 'Behold my loyalty.' They are not Democrats—they are Abolitionists; and this Fall we will bury them in the same grave with the Abolitionists, and damn them to eternal infamy" [cheers].

Hiram Ketchum, Jr., of New York, said:

"We want peace. We feel that this land has sustained too much desolation; we feel that too much blood has been spilt; we feel that too much treasure has been wasted on both sides of the line for us to continue this struggle any longer if we can honorably prevent it. We want to elect a man who will say to the South, 'Come back; we will restore to you every constitutional privilege, every guaranty that you ever possessed; your rights shall be no longer invaded; we will wipe out the Emancipation proclamation; we will sweep away this Confiscation act; all that we ask of you is to come back and live with us on the old terms. We are both tired and weary, and want to live together again'" [applause].

Selections.

SPEECH OF SENATOR WILSON
In Faneuil Hall, Sept. 6th, 1864.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: We who have never fired on the flag of our country, who have never murdered or maimed one of its defenders, come to Faneuil Hall to-night to rejoice over the victories of our army and our navy (applause). We come here to rejoice in those victories, because, from the 19th of April, 1861, to this hour, in victory and defeat, we have fought for our country, spoken for our country, labored for our country, and been for our country right, or our country wrong (applause).

You have listened to-night to the cheering, thrilling and eloquent voice of the Governor of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts (applause). You have listened to the eloquent tones of one of your Representatives in Congress (renewed applause); you have listened to the masterly speech of another Representative, who once presided over the old Commonwealth (continued applause); you have listened to-night, not to the voice, but to the words of Edward Everett, who is closing the years of a crowded life with patriotic counsels to his countrymen (loud applause).

I can hardly hope, at this hour, and following these words that you have drunk in, to utter anything worthy of your acceptance. ("Go on!") I have brought with me to-night, to this hall, a brave soldier from the Potomac (loud applause and cries of "Good!")—a General who commands Wadsworth's old division, and who has fought in every battle of the Army of the Potomac but one; and he will speak to you to-night, as the brave soldiers of our country are speaking and working and fighting, for the country, and for the prosecution of this war until the iron heel of the republic shall rest on the necks of the traitors (applause and cries of "Hear.")

Our armies that are fighting our battles are thinking right, feeling right, and voting right everywhere [applause]. They are to-night in front of the enemies of the country, in the very heart of the rebellion; but, gentlemen, I say it with profound regret, the fire in the rear is heavier than the fire in their front (applause, and cries of "That's so"). They not only have to fight Jeff. Davis's rebels in front, but to fight men who are stabbing them in the rear. ("Shame, shame.")

It is your business, it is mine, to throttle their enemies in the rear, and we can do it (thunders of applause).

The other day, some of our countrymen went up to a city on the shores of Lake Michigan, by the way, many of them, of Niagara Falls (laughter). The gentleman who preceded me has read one of the resolutions they have laid down for their guidance. He has characterized that resolution as it deserves to be characterized by every patriotic American heart (applause).

Gentlemen, this rebellion must be put down; these rebel armies broken and destroyed; this country saved by war, and only war (applause and cries of "Good"). The cessation of hostilities now, and any attempt to negotiate with Jeff. Davis is to give up and submit to a division of the country, or it is to bring Jeff. Davis and his red-handed traitors into the government, to repudiate the national debt, to cheat the widows and children and the maimed soldiers of the Republic out of their pensions, which we promised them when they enlisted under our banner. ("Shame, shame.") It is to bring Jeff. Davis and his supporters back, to be as completely our masters in Faneuil Hall as they are masters on the plantations of the South.

Now, gentlemen, it is the fear of some men that Jeff. Davis and his associates will be "subjugated." ("That's what they are afraid of.") On the 4th of March, 1861, Jeff. Davis had thirty thousand armed men, and on the 6th of March his Congress voted to increase the army to 100,000 men, and that before we called a soldier to the defense of the government. We were told then that we couldn't conquer these men; that we couldn't subjugate them; that we ought not to humiliate them. Well, we have fought for forty-three months, with varied success. They tell us we have done nothing. Have we not subjugated Maryland? ("I guess so.") Have we not put the traitors there under the heel of the government, and under the control of the patriotic men of that Commonwealth? Have we not subjugated the rebels of West Virginia, and is not West Virginia in the Union to day, a proud and free Commonwealth? (Great applause.)

Have we not conquered the rebels in Missouri ("Yes! Yes,")—and is she not taking steps to place herself alongside of Massachusetts in support of the cause of equal and impartial liberty? (Renewed applause.)

Have we not broken down the rebels in Kentucky, in large portions of Tennessee, in Arkansas and Louisiana? Is not Sherman in the very bowels of the rebellion in Georgia? (Laughter and applause.) And has not Grant, who never took a backward step in his life, put his foot down before Petersburg? (Tremendous cheering.) Have we not opened the Mississippi, from its source in the mountains to the Gulf of Mexico, so that every drop of its waters reflects back the stars of our national flag? ("Yes," and applause.)

Gentlemen, I tell you here to-night that ninety steps out of the one hundred have been taken to subjugate and crush out this rebellion (cheers). And if we have the virtues of courage and endurance, that belong to us as a people who have sent two millions of men to the field, and incurred a debt of two thousand millions of dollars—I say, if we have the virtues of endurance and of courage, we shall, as surely as God reigns, crush out this rebellion, stamp out and trample under foot its cause, and make our country one and indivisible (applause).

I say to-night that I never had a moment's doubt, from the opening of this contest to this hour, of the triumph of my countrymen. I know we have a class of people who assume to be aristocratic, respectable and fashionable (A Voice—"Shoddy!"), who throng our watering-places, and who think it is fashionable to talk against their government and their country. That same breed talked the same way in the Revolution (laughter and applause). We have also a brutal class, ready to trample on anything it thinks lower than itself. That class may be used, and it is intended to use it in this contest. But the farmers and mechanics of the country, the men of moderate means, they have fought for their country, they have stood by it, in sunshine and in storm, they are with it now, and they will carry it to assured triumph (applause).

The gentleman who has just addressed you read a resolution passed by a Convention of a portion of our countrymen. Now, I want to say to-night that I have no doubt at all of the triumph of our arms, and I have no doubt of the triumph of patriotic men over that platform (applause). I tell you, gentlemen, that no man ever lived in America—be it Washington, or Jefferson, or Jackson, or anybody—who could stand upon that platform, and have behind him the record of the declarations and the appeals of its builders, and receive the support of the American people (loud cries of "Hear!" and great applause). I predict here to-night that more than twenty States of this Union will spit and trample upon that platform, its builders and its candidates (great applause).

EDUCATION OF FREEDMEN IN LOUISIANA.

From a New Orleans paper.

IN February last, was issued from this Department Headquarters, General Order No. 23, containing the famous "Labor System" of Louisiana. This order may perhaps be styled the initial step of progress for the Freedman. By its provisions the able-bodied black laborer obtained food, clothing, medical attendance, a house to live in, and one hundred dollars a year in the shape of what is called wages. He was also therein promised a free school for his children. The whip was discarded, the peremptory discipline of slavery annulled, and the absolute power of the master reduced to a degree corresponding with that of an employer to his hired workman.

Education followed swiftly the footsteps of liberty. The next month the promise of free instruction for the colored people of Louisiana began to be fulfilled. General Order 38 was issued, constituting a Board of Education, consisting of three persons, Maj. B. Rush Plumly, Lieut. E. M. Wheelock, and I. G. Hubbs, whereof Maj. Plumly was chairman. This Board was empowered to establish common schools, employ teachers, erect school-houses, regulate the course of studies, and "have generally the same authority that Assessors, Supervisors and Trustees in the Northern States have in the matter of establishing and conducting common schools."

The scope and purpose of the order is stated to be "For the rudimental instruction of the Freedmen of this Department, placing within their reach the elements of knowledge, *which give greater intelligence and greater value to labor.*"

The members of the Board, from the time of their appointment began energetically their work, and have given to it their undivided time, strength and thought. The results are commensurate. They have established, and are now sustaining in successful operation, sixty-nine colored schools, giving employment to 109 teachers, and containing an aggregate of 7,722 pupils. Previously to being employed, these teachers were required to attend the normal class, from one to six weeks, according to their respective needs. Of the 15,340 colored children indicated by the recent census of the Provost Marshals as being within our army lines in loyal Louisiana, more than one-half are already gathered into these free schools. It is expected that within the next three months the remaining moiety will also be placed under instruction.

The country schools are prosperous and thronged, and although they have been in being but a few months, they are rapidly demonstrating the capacity of the African to receive our civilization. Children who eight weeks ago were beginning the alphabet, are now reading in First Readers, and solving with facility problems in the primary rules of arithmetic.

The more intelligent of the planters are comprehending that whatever contents and dignifies their labor is a reciprocal benefit to themselves, and the instances are continually increasing where the planters not only willingly, but cordially, aid the Board in the location of schools on their plantations.

The city schools, fourteen in number, are conducted by 14 teachers—have an average attendance of 2,427 pupils, with a total of perhaps 300 more. The ages of the scholars range from 5 to 18, with several grown persons of either sex, servants, teamsters and seamstresses, who manage to save an hour or two from daily toil and devote it to gaining the elements of knowledge. About one-half of the children, prior to last October, did not know their letters.

The different members of the Board have frequently and thoroughly visited these schools, and are conversant with the teachers and their methods of instruction.

Certainly, the general cleanliness of the children is to be remarked. Their parents are poor—most of them very poor, owning not even themselves till that ever memorable day in April, 1862, when the serfdom of Louisiana vanished in the smoke of Farragut's guns—yet the little ones always enter the school-room with their brown faces and hands shiningly clean, with shoes and clothing often woefully patched, yet painstakingly neat.

The pupils display great eagerness for knowledge and facility of acquisition. Their perceptive faculties are particularly good, too much so, perhaps, as in the reflective faculty and memory they seem somewhat deficient. No severity of discipline is used or required; the threat of expulsion from the privileges of instruction being sufficient to tame the most mounting spirit.

The weekly report of the teachers shows that the number of instances of absence and tardiness are less than, and the average daily attendance fully equal to, that in the white schools.

No school buildings have been built, but such quarters as could be devised on the spur of the moment have been obtained; such as confiscated houses, the attics of untenanted stores, and in two instances the basements of churches. These latter were grudgingly given, or, rather, not given at all, but taken. The pastors had followed the able-bodied of their flocks into the elysium of the Confederacy, and the walls that had been defiled with the pæans of treason and slavery, are consecrated anew by the breath of instruction, and the songs of praise of these "little ones"—slaves no longer.

In organizing these schools many obstacles were met with and one after another overcome. The prejudices of the people were actively enlisted against the education of "niggers." It was thought impossible to procure teachers, except from the North. Yet the true-hearted women of New Orleans came forward promptly to the work, and quietly bore the load of calumny, sneers and social proscription that fell to their lot. Louisiana has furnished the work with seventy-five earnest and laborious teachers. All honor to them! The history of their State would be poorly written should it omit their names.

A better day is now dawning here. The progressive triumphs of our arms have purified the political atmosphere. Many who were blind now see; and the community are fast perceiving that as the negro, bond or free, must still furnish the labor of the South, it is better to have that labor instructed than brutalized, and to spend in schools in order to save in prisons.

In these schools careful attention has been paid to the correct vocalization of the elementary sounds; the pupils have been trained to a clearness and purity of tone creditable to Saxon voices. The advanced classes have finished the primary books of reading and geography, and are now reading the Third and Fourth Readers with facility. They have acquired the knowledge of arithmetic as far as long division and fractions, the multiplication table, the use of the outline maps, and can write with commendable neatness.

Such are the general features of these schools. Even if they were now closed, the work of self-instruction, with the more advanced classes, could go on, and nothing can eradicate the knowledge they have thus gained.

Three years ago, it was a crime to teach their race. Now they read the Testament and the newspaper. They are learning the geography of the world. They are gaining the knowledge of figures with which to do the business of labor and life. They are singing the songs of the Union and freedom. They show a healthy mentality, and have made it appear to reasonable minds that they are very much like the rest of mankind, and are thus entitled to a fair chance in the world.

The result of this new chapter of human experience will be a general resurrection of buried mind through the worn and wasted South. Our military expeditions do the pioneer work of blasting the rock and felling the forest. Education follows to sow the grain and raise the golden harvest. The most glorious work is now opening—to lift up the Freedmen with instruction, counsel, culture. The day of antagonism is over, and that of befriending begins. Behind the advancing lines of our forces follows the small pacific army of Teachers and Civilizers; and the school-house takes the place of the whipping-post and scourge.

E. M. W.

WHERE STANDS GEN. McCLELLAN?

From the Tribune.

PROMPTLY on the appearance of Gen. McClellan's letter of acceptance, we gave him credit for its tenor and spirit. Receiving it in its obvious sense as a repudiation of the disloyal, crouching platform of the Chicago Convention, therefore as a blow well struck in behalf of the Union in its deadly struggle with armed treason, we declared that Gen. McClellan stood better with the people, and would run better, because of that letter. To us, no partisan consideration is suffered to weigh against the cause of the country; and if George H. Pendleton or C. L. Vallandigham were to-morrow to publish such a letter as Gen. McClellan's appeared to be, we would give him due credit therefor, and proclaim that he had deserved the thanks of his countrymen.

But there must be no legerdemain—no paltering in a double sense in this hour of the Nation's peril. Gen. McClellan cannot stand at once on his letter of acceptance and on the platform which that letter plainly repudiates. He is bound to be either for or against the prosecution of the war for the Union until the rebels shall have laid down their arms and given up their attempt to divide the country. In short, while the Chicago platform pointedly condemns the war for the Union, and calls for its immediate arrest, Gen. McClellan's letter seems clearly to insist that the war for Disunion must be first stopped before that for the Union should or can be. If we understand the natural meaning of words, the antagonism of these two manifestoes is not here over-stated.

What, then, are we to say to the following editorial of the *Daily News*, which has now been three days before the public, wholly uncontradicted?

MCCLELLAN APPROVED THE PLATFORM.

So well settled seemed to be the policy of the Democratic party, that, by common consent, and after a free and open interchange of opinion, those planks of the Chicago platform relating to peace were, by common consent, agreed upon more than two months before the Convention met. Early in the month of July last—we have it upon the authority of a delegate from Indiana, who was selected by the delegation from his State to act as one of the Committee to inform the candidates of the action of the Convention—*the platform, with its peace planks, almost word for word as adopted, was presented to Gen. McClellan, and was by him approved both in its letter and in its spirit.*

What produced the sudden change which led to its subsequent repudiation it is for Gen. McClellan and his friends, and not for us to say. Without the platform adopted at Chicago he could not have been nominated. Contrary to the usual course, it was first agreed, and the candidate, not only with the consent of his friends, but after their active exertions, was placed upon it. Between the time of its adoption and the nomination of the candidate for President one entire day intervened. The platform was published on the afternoon of Tuesday in the city—the nomination was made on the following day. It was seen and read by Gen. McClellan, and he had full time to telegraph to his friends in Chicago, his repudiation, if he could not nor would not endorse it. He did no such thing. His confidential friends approved the platform, and they urged his nomination upon it. Its repudiation was an after-thought, when he had secured the tempting prize for which, despite his assertion to the contrary in his letter, he had labored long, or else—and we should be sorry to believe this—it was a settled purpose to deceive, to secure the suffrages of the delegates, and then to repudiate the principles which secured his nomination, and thus to deceive men whose only fault was believing him true to his professions and those of his friends.

Is the assertion above, which we have emphasized by *Italics*, true? Will the *World* say?

GEN. McCLELLAN'S LOYALTY.

[The author of the following article was lately in the employ of the War Department, and we see no reason to doubt that his statements are worthy of credit.]

To the Members of the National Union Club, Philadelphia:

GENTLEMEN: I am in possession of your note, in which you ask me if I remember having made certain assertions at the rooms of the National Union Club in January last, on my return from the rebel lines, in regard to Gen. Geo. B. McClellan and Clement L. Vallandigham, and desiring to know if I would reiterate said statement.

I recollect perfectly well having made certain statements in regard to the two persons named, and in presence of several members of the Club.

In response to your inquiry if I would repeat said statement, I will answer you by saying: First, That while the battle before Richmond, Va., in 1862, was still progressing, and immediately after Gen. McClellan had fallen back from before that city, in company with a friend, an officer in the rebel service, who was prevented from joining his command in the fight in question, on account of a wound received at the battle of Seven Pines, and, being provided with a special permit from the War Department at Richmond, I visited the fortifications around Richmond, and advanced to a distance of about two miles north of that city, where we met Col. Gayle, of the 12th Alabama (rebel) regiment, who was a particular friend of the officer in whose company I was; also Lieut.-Col. Pickens, of the same regiment, with whom I had the advantage of a personal acquaintance. The Colonel was superintending the disinterment of a number of cases of U. S. rifles, which lay buried in the ground, and in rows, the soil heaped over them as if they were graves. Four of the cases of rifles were already unburied when I reached the spot, and I had the [to me unpleasant] satisfaction of handling some of those guns, which had already been taken out of the cases.

I heard Col. Gayle say that the interment of these guns was known at the War Department [rebel] even before McClellan's retreat from before that city.

On the inquiry of my friend and Dr. Kelly, of the rebel army, from Col. Gayle, if he thought it had been intended that said guns should fall into the hands of the Confederates, the Colonel answered in the affirmative, and concluded by saying, "Mac's all right."

Not more than a hundred yards distant from this spot, Lieut.-Col. Pickens pointed out to me a number of ambulances—two hundred and ten in number—and said he had assisted at their capture, and that, when captured, the horses belonging to said ambulances were hitched, some to trees and some to the rear of the ambulances. And I was then in the employ of the United States, it was my business to gather as much information in regard to military matters as possible, and on my inquiry of Col. Pickens if he thought these ambulances had been intended to be in the same "bargain" as the rifles, he said: "I don't see what else they should have been intended for, for they were just where you see them, and the horses hitched where you see them, while the fight was going on right here."

Presently some whiskey was handed round, and we all drank a toast to "Little Mac."

About the month of April of the same year, as I was going from Richmond to Mobile, in company with Lieut. Wiltz and Dr. Knoed of Missouri, and Dr. Fontleroy of Virginia, the two latter gentlemen being of the Rebel General Price's staff, we met with Brig.-Gen. Watson of Alabama. Gen. Watson said in my presence that then, or at any time after the war, he could give satisfactory proof that Geo. B. McClellan, of the Federal army, at the outbreak of the rebellion and during the preliminary arrangements for the organization of the Confederate army, had offered his services to the Confederate government, but that as the Confederate government had resolved to give rank in preference to officers formerly in the United States service, according to seniority of rank, they could not give to McClellan what he desired, as other officers ranked him in seniority; and that Gen. McClellan, having become offended at this, then offered his services to the United States.

In December, 1862, I had occasion to call on Gov. Shorter, of Alabama, who was then sojourning at the Huntsville Hotel, Huntsville, Alabama. Gov. Shorter then introduced me to Gen. Watson, who was present. The General recognized me immediately. And, as the Governor resumed a conversation with another person in the room, I, while in conversation with the General, had occasion to refer to our trip to Mobile, and I purposely brought about the conversation in reference to Gen. McClellan, and Gen. Watson reiterated the statement he had previously made in regard to McClellan.

In regard to Clement L. Vallandigham, the Ohio traitor, I will say that during his sojourn at Richmond he was repeatedly closeted with Jeff. Davis, James A. Seddon, the Rebel Secretary of War, and Judah P. Benjamin, the Rebel Secretary of State.

During my visit to Richmond at that epoch, I learned from reliable sources [rebel officials] that this Ohio traitor had pledged his word to the Rebel authorities that if the Democratic party at the North succeeded in electing their candidate at the next Presidential election he would use all his influence to obtain peace on the basis of a recognition of the Confederate States as a *separate and independent government.*

Morover, during my stay at Richmond, having called on Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of State, with a view to obtain an interview on business of a private character, I was told by an official in attendance at the Department of State—who of course believed me to be a loyal Confederate—that it was uncertain when I could chance to see Mr. Benjamin; and that as the visitor of Mr. Benjamin was Mr. Vallandigham, whom this official styled the "Ohio refugee," the conference might be protracted to a late hour. On that day, although I waited until after the hour for transacting business at that Department, I did not get to see Mr. Benjamin.

At that time, divers were the rumors in private circles among the rebels that Vallandigham had pledged himself to the Confederate cause. Of this the War Department at Washington was informed in a report made by me and other government agents.

Great were the expectations of the rebels during my last visit within their lines, if this Vallandigham faction succeeded in electing their candidate to the Presidency.

Let it be remembered that this Vallandigham faction are the men who seek to elect George B. McClellan to an office which none but loyal men should fill. Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

Philadelphia, Sept. 14, 1864. EMILE BOURLIER.

SPEECH OF EX-SECRETARY CHASE.

[At the Brown University Centennial Celebration in Providence, ex-Secretary Chase was called out and responded as follows: we quote the report of the Providence *Journal*:]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I hardly feel as if I had a right to speak in this assembly; it is a gathering of brethren around the family altar. Another reason why I ought not to make a speech is, that I have none to make. It is true that for several years I have been making *notes;* but the speech is not yet ready.

I have seen several faces here which remind me of the early scenes of 1861. In February of that year I met a number of patriotic Rhode Island men in the city of Washington, upon the invitation of the Governor, and we put our heads together to see if we could not contrive some basis of peace. We were not as fortunate as peace-makers ought to be. It might have been otherwise had those brethren of ours in the South—whom we expect to call brethren hereafter, though we now unfortunately are obliged to term them rebels—been willing to listen to sound reason.

But I remember one thing said by the Rhode Islanders was—they were overflowing with devotion to the Union, as we all were, but their patriotism struck me as a little peculiar—they said the people in Rhode Island were so patriotic that no earthly inducement could drive them out of the Union, so that it followed logically that Rhode Island would be the last in it, and she would be obliged to pay the national debt. It added to the extreme aggravation of the case that they were able to pay it; it would not have mattered so much if they had not been able.

Well, I think by the blessing of God this Union will stand. There is not a heart in all this presence which does not invoke from the Divine Being the perpetuity of this Union. Differ how we may, we all agree in that; and let me say to my friends here in Rhode Island, as the Union is to stand, no matter what clouds may lower, the sun will yet shine, and centennial anniversary after centennial anniversary will come round, long after the existence and permanence of this Union is established; and allow me to say that of course Rhode Island will not have to pay the national debt; and let me earnestly advise that the same amount, or at least a quarter of it, be paid over to Brown University.

While you have been here indulging in mutual confidence, you have called for a stranger from a foreign land to say to you some words as to the sentiments that exist on the other side of the water, and you have called upon a citizen of Rhode Island—for as a citizen of the Union I am a citizen of Rhode Island—to say a few words expressive of American feeling.

I had the misfortune myself last fall to be somewhat quoted in England as the author of some expressions which were not altogether kind. I said then that I thought our mother England had not been precisely just in her dealings with us—a little less than magnanimous, a great deal less than kind, and that when the Alabama went forth upon the ocean, built in a British port, armed with British cannon, manned by British soldiers,

"Freighted with curses dark upon the sea,"

I could not help thinking, Old England, I should like to get hold of your hair and give you a good shaking.

And it is never best to disguise your real sentiments. We did receive the Prince of Wales here; we received him with a gush of genuine, earnest American feeling. Our hearts went forth to him as the representative of a great branch of the Anglo-Saxon family beyond the water. Every heart in America was thinking of the time when we should be a great people, if not under one government, and one great people, animated by the same ideas, and standing before the whole world as the representative of constitutional liberty.

That is the way we felt when this rebellion broke out, and when men in the madness of their devotion to slavery sought to pull down the pillars of the republic, and in return for that love and gushing emotion, which went forth to the heir of the English Crown, we found cold and averted looks, unkind and ungenerous sentiments, taunting us in the hour of our calamity, pirates sent forth upon the sea, how could we feel otherwise than hostile to England? We did feel so, and we feel so yet.

But we hope for better days. We hope that the time will come when England will see that she consults neither her true interests nor her true honor in unfraternal sentiments towards America. And we rejoice that there are some men on the other side of the Atlantic who dare to speak in rebuke of unfraternal sentiments.

Among those who have thus spoken, those upon whom we rely for returning amity and sentiments of Christian and fraternal love, is the honored man who has spoken to-day. In your name, in the name of my own fellow-citizens of the great city beyond the Alleghanies, in the name of all the loyal men of America, I thank him.

Among the other names is the name of the man to whose letter he referred, John Bright. He knows we hate war as much as he does; we do not make war because we love it, but because we love peace. We long for the return of peace. We go into the war because we must, if we would rescue this hope of mankind. The same sentiments I have heard from their great colleague, the great Richard Cobden—a trinity of names for the honor of our country; let them be assured that we appreciate them.

There is another class of men that we do appreciate, whose voice has been heard in our favor, the Lancashire workmen, who cannot be persuaded into infidelity to freedom by the aristocracy of England. God bless the workmen of England!

Let us hope, then, that after this storm of war shall have blown over and our country stands once more united, redeemed, regenerated, in all the vigor of universal freedom, in all the strength of reassociated energy, that then we may have a communion with the workingmen of England, or their representatives, with the intelligence and worth which loves and honors freedom wherever it is seen, and that we may be united together in building a new great confederation of the human race; when from all climes in some future day there shall meet and gather round some centre, the representative of the parliament of men from the confederation of the world, then while we number our own illustrious men in that parliament, men who have founded and men who have saved the republic, in that parliament of the world, in that confederation of men, shall Bright, Cobden and Goldwin Smith be freshly remembered.

LINCOLN—JOHNSON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN and Andrew Johnson are both natives of slave States. They were born in the class of poor whites which slavery creates and preserves for its own convenience. Their early education was such as it accords to the children of this class. Hence, Lincoln obtained most of his scanty schooling not only long after his removal into a free State, but after he had reached the full stature of manhood, and was enabled to earn and plan for himself; while Johnson never had any schooling at all, and learned to read from his wife after his removal from his native North Carolina into almost free East Tennessee.

Neither of them could ever have been chosen even to the Legislature in an essentially slaveholding community, no matter how thorough their subserviency to "the institution." The brand of poverty and labor on their brows would have fixed them forever in the humble station of their progenitors. They surmounted the influence of slavery by taking position outside of its more palpable domain.

To maintain that such men lack ability or force of character is to hold that republics are ruled by idiots. Abraham Lincoln entered Illinois a portionless, illiterate boy, earning the livelihood of his widowed mother's family by the rudest and hardest manual labor, and, within twenty years thereafter, had become one of her foremost lawyers and the acknowledged leader of the more intellectual of her two great political parties—conspicuous in her Legislature, her only Whig Member of Congress, Whig candidate for Senatorial Elector, U. S. Senator, Vice-President, and ultimately for President. All these positions were accorded to him without contest or hesitation. When the great political struggles of 1840 and 1844 were made, none other than he was suggested to lead in the canvass. When, for the first time, his political friends had a majority in the Illinois Legislature, no other was thought of by the mass of them for U. S. Senator, though it was finally found necessary, in order to secure the requisite anti-Nebraska Democratic votes, to withdraw him and substitute another. At Philadelphia, in 1856, his name, and only his, was presented for Vice-President by the delegation from Illinois; and when a candidate was to be pitted against Douglas for the Senatorial canvass of 1858, no other name was even suggested than that of Abraham Lincoln. So in 1860, there was abundant competition as to which State should furnish the Republican nominee for President; but no one ever suggested that among the eminent and honored Republicans of Illinois there was another possible candidate than Lincoln.

Andrew Johnson entered Tennessee an illiterate tailor youth, poor as Lazarus in all but hope and ambition, without a relative or friend who could help him to a corporalship in the smallest company of "floodwood" militia. A few years later he was Member of Assembly; next we hear from him in Congress; then Governor of his closely balanced State, after a spirited canvass; for Tennessee was then preponderantly a Whig State, and her Whigs always ran for Governor one of their ablest and cleverest debaters. Johnson had always been a very strident and active Democrat, and had made himself widely obnoxious to his political adversaries. His birth and breeding were matters of common notoriety, and the cultivated aristocracy of Nashville and the surrounding region were not at all inclined to be ruled by the ex-journeyman tailor of Jonesborough. They could not help themselves, however; and Johnson, after serving his term as Governor, was chosen to the United States Senate, where he made good his position against the ablest and proudest in the land. Probably no other Senator had enjoyed so scant opportunities for intellectual culture; but the debates, in which he freely mingled, gave no sign of this. In the absence of that education of the schools, which he would gladly have enjoyed and improved, he had his full share of the rugged discipline of poverty and privation, and was thoroughly trained in the keen encounters of an active, arduous public career. Doubtless, he feels and regrets the deficiencies of his early culture; but who will say that he has not nobly supplied them?

Mr. Johnson, as a leading Southern Democrat, and a supporter of Breckinridge for the Presidency, saw the slaveholders' rebellion take form and body under his immediate observation. He knows it, "egg and bird"—its impulses, ideas and aspirations. Nearly every other prominent Democrat of his State and section was drawn or driven into its toils; he never countenanced it for a moment, nor regarded it with the least allowance. He knew it to be as hostile to the class from which he sprung in the South as to the "mudsills" at the North, and he "stood by his order" like any British Peer. He exposed the hollowness of its pretexts, the wickedness of its aims, in the presence of its contrivers, before they had imbrued their hands in blood. He warned the simple against their machinations, and warned them of their inevitable failure and ruin. Had other Southern Unionists been as faithful and fearless as he, the madness of secession would have been stayed at the northern limit of the cotton region, and our country would not now be reeking with human blood.

It is a common pro-slavery cavil that "You Abolitionists

that seek to inflame the people to the last pitch of resistance, and that predict the inevitable success of the Confederacy. Most clearly it is not because the rebels desire a peaceful return to the Union that they desire the election of McClellan. Precisely the contrary. It is because they have their hearts set on independence, and mean to carry the rebellion through to its full consummation. In other words, *it is for the rebellion's sake, and not for the Union's sake, that they are McClellan men.*

Now we say that there could not possibly be a more damning fact against any Presidential candidate. Whatever his professions, or whatever his personal character might be, the single circumstance that all traitors are anxious for his elevation to office, is a proof positive that patriots ought not to support him. It is morally impossible that the sort of loyalty with which treason finds such ready affinity can be trustworthy. It is a glory to Abraham Lincoln that from the beginning the rebels have made him the object of their most rabid hate and foulest blackguardism. It is a decisive testimony that he was exactly the opposite of what they were; and that he stood directly athwart all their plans. There could be no better commendation to loyal men than this. And it is precisely because McClellan has credit with the rebels, and their best wishes for his success, that no loyal man could give him confidence, even if none of the other thousand reasons against it existed.

In saying this, we do not mean to impute anything like positive disloyalty to Gen. McClellan. We have not a doubt that he honestly desires to keep this nation unbroken. The rebels themselves would readily enough concede him that. Their point is, as we have already said, not that he has any positive identity of spirit with them, but that he has no positive spirit at all—that in the hands of bolder men who do agree with them, he can be made to serve their ends. Their calculation is that they could make the same use of his weakness to end the war to suit themselves, that they did of James Buchanan's weakness to start the war to suit themselves. James Buchanan was never a traitor at heart, and yet through his lack o high resolution, through his natural aptitude to be manipulated, he did the work of a traitor. He was, in fact, more useful to the incipient rebellion than if he had been an outright bold-handed partner in it. Any palpably traitorous act on his part would have roused the nation at once to a realization of its dangers. What the Jeff. Davis crew wanted of Buchanan was simply a blind trust and a passive acquiescence. He gave it to them not because he had determined to betray the country, but simply because he had not the strength of character to stand out against them. He yielded, while all the while making fair professions to the people of his devotion to the Union and the Constitution. Thus every practical purpose of the traitors was served, and the people of the North, at the same time, were kept in a false security. There could not possibly have been a more dangerous public character than the nerveless man who was in the White House when this rebellion was organized. How, then, can it be strange that the enemies of the country are so very anxious that another man of similar caste shall be there when the fortunes of the rebellion shall be decided?

There is no safety for the country but in again placing at its head the man who, of all others, least suits the rebels. The Copperheads have vented all sorts of abuse against Abraham Lincoln, but they have never yet ventured to say that he was a man that could be moulded to suit the designs of traitors. Upon that matter the whole world knows that he is as firm as adamant. For that reason above all others, loyal men should support him, just as for that reason above all others rebels oppose him. Do not vote as traitors would have you.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE FREE MILITARY ACADEMY.

From the Philadelphia Press.

WANT of funds alone has compelled the public-spirited committee having charge of the Free Military School on Chestnut street to close it, we trust only temporarily. This school is already well known throughout the army and the country, and the fruits of its labors are worthy of the thoughtful consideration of those who are able to help the cause. It has sent 463 students to Washington, all of whom have passed the Examining Board, 3 of them as colonels, 7 as lieutenant colonels, 15 as majors, 110 as captains, 143 as first lieutenants, and 185 as second lieutenants. More than two-thirds of these were veteran privates or non-commissioned officers. The school is, of course, vastly popular in the army, and, by supplying the colored troops with so many earnest and efficient officers, educated from the ranks, has done much to overcome prejudice, and win fame and honor for a hitherto despised race.

The Free Military Academy is too valuable as an auxiliary to the war to be discontinued. The devotion of our soldiers cannot be more highly recognized than by the support of an institution which has helped so many from the ranks. But $1,000 per month is necessary to maintain it, and one gentleman, who has contributed liberally to every public call, stands ready to give $1,000 if others will raise $5,000, to sustain this school, whose admirable working has reflected so much credit upon the city. Six thousand dollars should be easily raised among our numerous wealthy and patriotic citizens, and we trust the appeal of the committee will not remain unanswered. We shall *ourselves* be happy to receive any contributions to this good cause.

THE UNDISGUISED VIEWS OF MR. LINCOLN.

From the New York Daily News—Secession Peace organ.

BALTIMORE, August 17, 1864.

A WELL KNOWN merchant of this city, a prominent member of the Catholic Church, related to me yesterday the particulars of an interview which took place a few days ago between Mr. Gill and Mr. Young of this city, members of the City Council, and the President. They have both been, up to this time, strong Lincoln men, and are Union men yet. They went to Washington, to use their own expression, to feel Mr. Lincoln, and they did so. In order to draw him out, they agreed beforehand to coincide with everything he should say. Mr. Gill has four sons in the Union army—a fact of which Mr. Lincoln is aware.

The President assured them, in the most solemn manner, that he would never consent to an armistice, or to peace, on any other terms but the explicit abolition of slavery in all the Southern States; that he was satisfied that if any other candidate except himself should be elected, that the result of such an election would be an immediate armistice, which would be followed by peace; that he considered peace, without the abolition of slavery, to be a great deal worse calamity than a separation of the South from the North would be; that, in plain terms, he preferred such a separation to a peace which would leave the South in the enjoyment of that institution, and that therefore he felt it to be his duty to oppose, by all means in his power, the election of any other candidate, and that he intended to do so.

He said, further, that he had no doubt now that the South had the power and the means to continue the war for years longer, though he had thought otherwise at one time; but that he was determined to prosecute the war with all the means at his command till the rebels were conquered or exterminated, even if it took four years more. He appeared quite sanguine as to his reelection.

McCLELLAN'S LETTER TRANSLATED OUT OF THE ORIGINAL TONGUE.

From the Commonwealth.

IN times like these actions speak louder than words. Words indeed are of little account. Platforms are made rather to conceal than express thoughts. Everything is in cipher. Nothing can be read without a key. This is emphatically true of McClellan's letter of acceptance, and the "Peace" commenta thereon. Politicians long ago invented a dialect, which in the Greek tongue is called *euphemism*, wherewith to humbug and mystify the popular instinct for justice, whenever they were talking about slavery, the *ne plus ultra* of human injustice. By this diabolical invention they have succeeded, ever since 1776, in turning Republican law wrong side up, and making it sanction injustice, in spite of the real popular will, till this unparalleled war is the result. McClellan's letter, accepting the Chicago nomination, is written in this dialect, in fact is one of the purest and most classic specimens of it. The word slavery is not to be found in it, while the thing is the subject of nearly every sentence. To the million it has the appearance of the most stately and unquestionable patriotism, because they do not understand the dialect. Under the cloak of the sublimest generalities it smuggles into the sanctuary of reason a felon armed to the teeth—aye, the arch felon that has robbed and murdered nations from the beginning of the world hitherto. We shall give a faithful translation into plain English of all the essential sentences of this letter—one that challenges criticism. Here it is.

M'CLELLAN'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE TRANSLATED OUT OF EUPHEMISM INTO ENGLISH.

"Gentlemen, I have the honor, etc. ..... To secure peace there must be but one government. The war was commenced to preserve the Union. It should have been conducted for that object only, without turning aside to molest slavery; in truth, slavery should have been carefully preserved, as I took occasion to declare when in active service. Thus conducted, the work of reconstruction would have been easy, and defeat would not have been made preferable to victory, as it was on some occasions even while I was in active service.

The Union was originally formed by conciliating the slaveholders and conceding the right of States to enslave. It must be restored by the same means. The Union, on the basis of this pro-slavery compromise, must be the indispensable condition of settlement. So soon as it is probable that our present adversaries are ready for peace, on this concession of the right to enslave throughout the Union, we should exhaust all the resources of compromise and all the traditions of conciliation to reestablish the Union, and the guaranty for [illegible] rights of every State to sanction property in slaves. [illegible] the one condition of peace; we ask no [illegible]perty, or the pursuit of happiness [illegible]uaranty against slavery. [illegible]s, although unex-pressed, the sentiments of the Convention, as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union, it should be received at once, with a full guarantee of its constitutional right to enslave, as well as its right to gag, tar, feather and murder any citizen of the United States in support of slavery.

If a frank, earnest and persistent effort to pacify the rebels by conceding in favor of slavery all they can possibly ask, should fail, the ulterior consequences will fall on those who remain in arms against the Union. I could not say less than this, and face the men who survived Chickahominy. The Union must be preserved at all hazards. A vast majority of our people, whether in the army and navy or at home, would, as I would, hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of peace on the basis of the Union and a pro slavery Constitution without the effusion of another drop of blood. But no peace can be permanent if we let the slaveholders set up a separate government. As to the other subjects presented in the platform, I am for the Constitution and Buncombe generally.

Yours truly, GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

This is the exact, plain, unvarnished truth of McClellan's letter, stripped of its euphemism, so far as the great and only issue of the war is concerned. As for him he is merely a Northern Jeff. Davis, aiming to shove aside the Southern one by making the Union as pro slavery as the Southern Confederacy. He means this if he means anything. If he does not mean it, his reticence in regard to any guarantees or limitations of compromise in favor of liberty, any indemnity for the past, or security for the future, is absolutely unaccountable.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

WE are now sending out bills to subscribers in arrears for the STANDARD. Those who receive them will greatly oblige us by promptly remitting their dues. The expenses of publication have increased so much of late, that every dollar due from subscribers is needed to avert serious embarrassment. And if our friends, in sending their own subscriptions, would at the same time send us each the name and pay of one or more new subscribers, they would thereby render the most effective service to the cause, and do much to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of its managers. We are sure that many of our readers might, by an earnest trial, double and even quadruple the circulation of this paper in their respective neighborhoods. Will they not try?

THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD, after putting this number to press, will be absent for a time from his post. If the paper meanwhile shall seem to its readers more interesting than usual, they will give credit to the friends who have generously offered to take charge of it for a few weeks, while we seek rest and relaxation from editorial labor in travel and social intercourse.

THE TWO FACED PARTY.

THE Latins had a deity named Janus, who was supposed to concern himself especially about matters of war and peace. We do not hear much about him in the ordinary history of Rome, for that history was little more than the narrative of a chronic state of warfare. During such times the Temple of Janus stood with its gates wide open. But on the rare occasions of a universal peace—which occurred only three or four times in Roman history—the gates of his temple were shut close and all the world rejoiced. This deity had, moreover, a peculiarity which distinguished him from all his mythologic contemporaries, inasmuch as he was endowed with two faces looking in opposite directions. Learned men differ as to the recondite meaning of this symbolization, and it does not matter much to us what it did mean in those old times. But it makes him all the fitter object for the adoration of those lovers of peace who are now devoting themselves to the task of closing the portals of his temple in these latter days. Whatever may have been the significancy of his double-facedness of old, there can be no doubt as to its fitly expressing the qualities of his worshippers at this time. The high priest of the Peace party, he who was raised to that proud eminence at Chicago, had one face given to him by the general consent of that convocation, and he himself, while not rejecting that countenance, took upon himself an entirely different one looking in the exactly opposite direction. And this diversity appears to be hailed by the mass of his devotees in these parts as the most admirable consistency. And we wait to hear whether it will also be accepted as such in those regions which the expression given to the Chicago physiognomy was meant to conciliate. Here, his features are discerned to mean War, if the Davis government will not receive our unconditional surrender without being whipped into it. There, that other visage is designed to inspire the faith that we shall surrender, whether or no, and that if the rebels are not content to return to us, upon our unconditional submission at all points, they are to be permitted, as Dogberry says, "to show themselves what they are, and steal out of our company."

The Chicago platform seems to be much in the plight of the little Hunchback in the Arabian Nights. Everybody wishes to be rid of it and to set it down at somebody else's door. And yet it will keep turning up again. It has some very remarkable peculiarities in its origin, and in its history since it was given to the world. It was devised by the extreme peace party—or that section of Copperheadism which hardly pretends to be anything different from Secessionism—and was accepted by the Convention as a sop to that Cerberus, to keep its many mouths quiet and produce an outward show and unanimity of opinion. As soon as the Convention has gone its way and the members thereof departed unto their own places, the candidate assents to the platform with the understanding that it meant the very opposite of what those that contrived it made it say, and what of all things was the farthest from their intention. And this view of the matter seems to be the one which all hands are agreed to take of the matter in this region of country, with the exception of a few feeble struggles and faint protestations on the part of Ben. Wood and his *News*. Mr. Robert C. Winthrop here and Mr. J. G. Abbott in Boston treats the platform as a thing only to be trampled upon—not to be stood upon. They regard Gen. McClellan's letter as all the platform that any man of sense can ask for, and kick aside poor Vallandigham's fabric with contumely. And not only so, the Copperhead press and orators profess to consider him and all his tribe as beneath contempt, base fellows of whom it is a blessed thing to be rid. It certainly is odd that men whose coöperation was thought to be so material a month ago that it was to be purchased on their own terms—by the putting of *carte blanche* into their hands to write them down—should now have become so despicable that they are to be abated as common nuisances and to be kicked out of the way as impracticable incumbrances. Whether it be true, as it is affirmed, or not, that Gen. McClellan had had that platform submitted to his inspection in advance, and had agreed to accept it, and stand upon it, we presume nobody will deny that he could never have been nominated had it been believed that he would upset it and set up one of his own in its place.

All this, however, is a family quarrel, with which we have nothing to do, excepting as edified spectators feeling the natural hope which honest men entertain when they see rogues falling out among themselves. For we think that roguery is only a fitting locution to express the nature of this transaction. It is a device to obtain votes by false pretences, inviting them by a pacific smile towards the West, and courting them by a warlike frown towards the East. And the peace men have the right in the matter. A candidate of a party which has adopted a platform has no right to stand excepting as the exponent of the principles therein contained. Such conduct is nothing more nor less than political swindling. But whether the peace party will have pluck enough to make any show of resentment, we doubt much. They have been cheated, and must submit to what they cannot help. But let them take heart of grace. Things are not so bad as they seem, perhaps, always supposing that McClellan is elected. There will be no material difference between the course he will pursue when chosen under his War Letter and that which would have followed an adherence to the policy they dictated to him. He, backed by the Winthrops, Curtises, Reeds, Grinnells, Reverdy Johnsons and Company, will offer to Jefferson Davis peace on his own terms, short of absolute separation. He will propose to surrender the North at Davis's discretion, if he will only consent to retain it as one of the provinces of his empire. Absolute Amnesty, without exception, the security of slavery, the restitution of slaves freed by the war or compensation in its stead, the assumption of the Confederate debt, compensation for losses inflicted by our armies, such laws as shall make slavery universal over the nation wherever the masters please to carry it, the suppression of free discussion by tongue or press, and whatever other guarantee the conquered conqueror can devise, all these he can have, and who can believe that he will be fool enough to refuse them? Who can believe that the alternative of war to compel him to accept these submissions on our part will arise? For the election of McClellan would be a pledge on the part of the nation that it is willing to submit to any terms, to endure any humiliation, rather than forego the happiness of living under the lash of the slave-masters. And is it credible that the slave-masters would hesitate to wave it over our willing backs?

But admitting that they should refuse to make any terms with us and insist upon shaking off the dust of their feet against us, they can have that concession, too, in the last resort. There might be a show of fight, enough to cover the retreat of McClellan from the position he had taken up, but the rebels would carry their point, if they insisted upon it. And why should they not? The Copperhead party is that of the rebels—with scarcely a disclaimer, with hardly even a lying pretence of being anything else. George B. McClellan and Jefferson Davis are convertible terms. They stand for the same quantity. The success of the one is the success of the other, and the shape which that success shall take—whether disunion or the subjugation of the North—will be decided by the stronger mind and will of the two. We think that this fact should be made as plain and be kept as constantly before the public as possible during the next six weeks. The real candidate of the opposition is the chief of the rebellion. The ostensible candidate represents him and his policy and nothing else. If McClellan be elected he will be a mere puppet, to be moved as the wires are pulled at Richmond. It will be he that will decide whether the dismemberment of the country, or a reconstruction more infamous and more ruinous than that, shall be the result of all the sacrifices we have made. Even the victories of Grant and Sherman will only put us the more irremediably into his power, through his Viceroy, than their defeats would have done. For whatever shall make his primary purpose desperate, will render him the more ready to condescend to that secondary triumph which McClellan is eager to concede to him. We do not believe that there can be any doubt as to the result of the election if the quality of the issues be clearly understood. It should be the effort of every orator and speaker from this time till the election to make this so plain that he that runs can read and the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. This nation has no deliberate purpose of ruining and disgracing itself. And it never will, if it be made to see the snare that is laid in its sight and the pit that is digged under its feet.

THE NEW NATION—THE ATTITUDE OF GEN. FREMONT.

ONE year ago a weekly journal, entitled the *New Nation*, was started in this city to promote the political aspirations of Gen. Fremont. It has from the beginning waged an unrelenting war upon the Administration, and within the last few months, if not from the first, it has sought to promote the scheme which contemplated a nomination of Gen. Fremont for the Presidency by the Democratic party. The Cleveland Convention, which was a part of this scheme, if not conceived by its managers, found in it a zealous champion. The paper, though impersonal, was generally understood to be under the direct inspiration and control of Gen. Fremont himself, who was currently reported to have the aid, moral and pecuniary, of leading men in the Democratic party, who, whether or not they were honestly in favor of his nomination to the Presidency, hoped and expected, through his influence, to divide the Republican party, overthrow the Administration, and bring the Democracy once more into power. Some of these men, including Gen. Fremont himself, hoped to be able, no doubt, to lift the Democratic party from a pro-slavery to an anti-slavery position, and thus to make it in some degree worthy to rule the country; but the animus of the movement was hostility to the Administration rather than devotion to liberty, and by some at least of its supporters the cause of emancipation was subordinated to the one design of elevating Gen. Fremont to the Presidency.

The editor of the paper from the beginning, it is understood, has been Gen. Cluseret, an intimate and confidential friend of Gen. Fremont. That gentleman says, in a recent letter to the *Evening Post*: "The *New Nation* was founded by Gen. Fremont and myself alone. Gen. Fremont has furnished the greater part of the money; I have furnished a part of the money and all of the work." It seems that, in July last, Gen. Cluseret was induced by Gen. Fremont to sign an agreement transferring the ownership of the paper to the "National Pathfinder Association," that association agreeing on its part that Gen. Cluseret should be "permanently the editor-in-chief," "have entire control and direction of the politics and policy of the paper," and "not be subject to removal by the board of directors or other managers." This association, if we may believe Gen. Cluseret's testimony, is "not a real one"; indeed he says that Gen. Fremont "several times repeated that it was a fiction, the aim of which was to protect his (Gen. F.'s) name." It consists but of four persons besides Gen. Cluseret—all intimate friends of Gen. Fremont and bound to him by the closest political ties. It did not fulfil any of the conditions of its contract with Gen. Cluseret; it did not pay him his salary, but left him to pay the expenses of publication!

At length, the Cleveland movement having broken down, and the Democratic party having nominated Gen. McClellan upon a Peace platform, Gen. Cluseret, it would seem, avowed his purpose to support Lincoln, that being, in his judgment, the only course open to those who would save the country from falling into the hands of the Copperheads. To this Gen. Fremont objected, and when Gen. Cluseret proceeded to execute his design, the Pathfinder Association placed an injunction upon him. He succeeded, however, in getting out one number of the paper before the injunction was served, and from it we copy the following exposition of Gen. Cluseret's position as well as that of Gen. Fremont. It is a chapter of political history in which our readers will feel a lively interest.

OUR POSITION.

Some time ago we published in the *New Nation* that if a day came when Gen. Fremont could suffer his interests to outweigh his principles, we should not hesitate to follow the principles and abandon the man. That day has come.

After having done all that was in our power to obtain from the Democratic party the voluntary abandonment of slavery, the sole source, and the sole aim of the present war, begun and pursued by the South against the North—after the insolent reply of Chicago, not a shadow of a doubt could remain in any loyal heart as to the course to follow. If we could not sustain Lincoln, we could not hesitate to oppose McClellan, the representative of the South, of foreign despotisms, and of slavery. Moved by the strong, unshaken and immutable conviction of duty, urged by sincere affection and devotion, we represented to Gen. Fremont that the moment had come to declare himself, and that, to hold the nation any longer in suspense, was neither wise nor patriotic; that he should either declare clearly his intention of running the risks of an independent canvass, which for the moment does not offer great chance of success, or abstain with regard to Lincoln, and combat McClellan. In any case to contend against McClellan was the first duty of every patriot and Abolitionist. It was as such that Fremont was dear to us, and we thought that not a shadow of doubt could exist in his mind. We were deceived. *Gen. Fremont, entirely under the ascendancy of a man whom democracy keeps near him to withdraw him from his principles and his friends, persisted in wishing to contend against Lincoln and spare McClellan, till he can obtain what he wishes from Lincoln.* Our conscience commands us to repudiate such bargains. We shall contend against McClellan, and, although the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln may not be the best for the country, we do not hesitate to pronounce that the election of McClellan would be a greater calamity. A day will come, we hope, when, better advised, Gen. Fremont will resume the glorious place which he has so long occupied at the head of the defenders of liberty, and immolate his personal hopes or resentments upon the altar of the country. On that day Gen. Fremont will be the true leader we thought to have found. He knows not the great soul of the American people, if he thinks them incapable of appreciating the sacrifice which they expect from him. In the meanwhile, like all minds governed by passion, and which are conscious of their wrong, Gen. Fremont has had recourse to persecution to subject our loyalty and transform it into treachery.

The *New Nation* has sought from its earliest publication that which it has thought above all important to the honor and grandeur of this country—to cause slavery to be abandoned by Democracy. It has used Gen. Fremont with this view. The necessity of appearing to make advances to the Democratic party has often cost us undeserved reproach, which we have always borne in silence, seeking, in the satisfaction of having fulfilled our duty, the forgetfulness of injustice. After the Chicago Convention and McClellan's acceptance, the duty of the *New Nation* is thoroughly traced out. It will follow it with the energy which it has shown more than once. We shall soon publish a critical review of McClellan's report, and will discuss the man in a military point of view. It remains for us to call the sympathies of the American people to the *New Nation*, born of the storm, beaten by the tempest, and which an iniquitous persecution seeks to sink, or to bring down the loyal flag which we hoisted before it. Like the Old Guard, the *New Nation* can die, but will never surrender.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that the country has not answered Gen. Fremont's appeal. No one can be better aware of this than we are. *The General has expended, since the commencement of the campaign, from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand dollars per month. He is at the end of his resources.* Nobody comes forward to aid him, unless it is the city of St. Louis. What has it produced? The possibility of having a State, but not the probability. Is it not more patriotic, more loyal, to frankly avow his defeat, than to prolong the uncertainty of the country and its illusion with a view to recover a part of his losses?

For our own part, we have never understood such calculations, and it is therefore that we have no wish to aid in them.

Unfortunately Gen. Fremont listens to all the reports of any man who causes imaginary popular enthusiasm to glitter before his eyes, spends his money, profits by his natural indolence to cradle him in an illusion from which he will only awaken ruined in pocket and in reputation.

We have no acquaintance whatever with Gen. Cluseret, and therefore do not know how far his statements may be depended upon. Some of them certainly are supported by documentary proofs, and others accord with what is generally known of the history of the *New Nation* and of the political movement of which it has been the champion. On the whole, we see no reason to doubt that he tells the truth substantially, though colored in some degree, perhaps, by personal feeling. The statements on the other side, though in terms contradictory of his story, seem to us to confirm it. Maj. Leonidas Haskell (the man whom, in the words of Gen. Cluseret, "the Democracy keeps near Gen. Fremont to withdraw him from his principles and his friends") has published a card, of which the following is the essential part, and which, it will be seen, is surcharged with personal abuse:

"Gen. Cluseret has a certain sharpness with his pen which, like a defective piece of firearms, is quite as likely to damage those who use it as those against whom it is directed. Besides this, he *may* have some other valuable quality—personal courage, for instance—but this I cannot take upon me to assert against the opinion of those who have known the gentleman longer than I have. I do know, however, that his long letter in the *Post* to-day has told no truth, but was wittingly and knowingly false in every essential particular. His quarrelsome temper, his unbridled vanity, his assumption of superiority in all matters, his quick ingratitude, which made him eager to poison as well as to bite the hand that had fed him, were causes, which, as they developed themselves, rendered him a dangerous servant; but, apart from these, his immediate removal from the paper became necessary to prevent his making it the organ of venal and shameless treachery."

Having for the time being prevented Gen. Cluseret from continuing the *New Nation*, his opponents propose going on with the publication themselves, and have issued one number thereof. They, too, may in turn be enjoined, and the paper be thus stopped till the legal question of ownership is decided. However this may be, it is probable that if the publication is continued by the fictitious Pathfinder Association, it will give no aid to the loyal party of the country in its struggle with traitors and their sympathizers. So much seems certain from the character of the number issued by that association since Gen. Cluseret was enjoined.

The friends of Gen. Fremont have denounced Mr. Lincoln upon the ground that he was himself working to secure a reëlection. According to Gen. Cluseret, who certainly ought to know the facts in the case, Gen. Fremont has been expending money at the rate of from $15,000 to $20,000 a month, since the commencement of the campaign, all to secure his own nomination by the Chicago Convention, and he now "persists in wishing to contend against Lincoln and to spare McClellan *till he can obtain what he wishes from Lincoln*." In other words, he hopes the friends of Lincoln will make good his losses in order to secure his support or his withdrawal from the canvass. Observe, this statement is not ours but Gen. Cluseret's, and we leave our readers to judge of its probable truth, or falsehood for themselves.

—P. S. The *Tribune* of Wednesday says:

"There have been many rumors, of late, that Gen. John C. Fremont intended to withdraw his name as a Presidential candidate. We are happy to be able to state, on authority which we do not question, that this is true. A letter from him to that effect is to be published within a day or two."

"ANTI SLAVERY MEASURES IN CONGRESS" is the title of a volume, of great historic interest and value, prepared by Hon. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, of which the Boston *Transcript* gives this account:

"It takes up, one by one, the anti-slavery measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses, as the repeal of the Fugitive Slave bill, abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, proposition to aid States in the abolition of slavery, employment of negroes in the armies, etc. From the introduction of the original bill or resolution, it shows the course of the debate, the points of advocacy or opposition, the various amendments proposed, and the votes thereon, and the final vote on the bill both in the Senate and the House. It thus enables the reader to see at a glance precisely what has been done by the Congresses of the present administration with regard to slavery; the manner of the doing, and the names, temper and spirit of the actors.

"The materials are gleaned from the journals of the Senate and House, and from the *Congressional Globe*. But as many of these debates extended over a period of months, it will readily be seen how great is the service rendered by the Senator in thus bringing together, in a connected form, the action of Congress on these important measures. The work is now passing rapidly through the press, and will be brought out by Walker, Wise & Co., in the usual style of their valuable standard publications."

LOUISIANA.—On Monday, Sept. 5th, an election was held in Louisiana for the adoption or rejection by the people of the Constitution as drawn up by the Constitutional Convention. Members of Congress and of the State Legislature were also elected. In the parish of Orleans 5,453 votes were polled. 4,664 were for the adoption of the Constitution, and 789 for its rejection. Dr. M. F. Bonzanos is elected to Congress from the First Congressional district. A. P. Fields is elected in the Second Congressional district. W. D. Mann was elected in Jefferson City without any serious opposition. The regular ticket for Senators and Representatives to the State Legislature was elected almost unanimously. About ten thousand votes were polled in the State. The election was one of the quietest ever held in Louisiana. It is said that Gen. Banks aspires to a seat in the U. S. Senate from Louisiana under the new government.

CARPENTER'S PICTURE of the "First Reading of the President's Emancipation Proclamation" to the Cabinet is now open for exhibition at the Crayon Art Gallery, corner of Eighth street and Broadway. We shall not be able to see it before preparing this number of the STANDARD for the press, but friends more competent than we are to judge of its merits assure us that it is a grand success. The portraits of the President and the different members of the Cabinet are said to be very fine, while the grouping is unconstrained and natural. Mr. Carpenter, it is generally agreed, has treated his subject with great skill and judgment, and the work being a record of one of the most important events of the century, will probably take its place among the great historic pictures of the world.

OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.

A SERMON

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

"Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good."—*Romans xii.* 21.

THIS short sentence contains three distinct propositions, which, though not strictly originating in the Christian consciousness, have been so closely and universally associated with it as to justify us in regarding them as among its peculiarities. The first is, that such a thing exists as palpable moral evil as a positive force or power—an agency, a law—not good in disguise, not an absence of good, not defect, not limitation, not weakness, but an active law. The second is, that this evil is to be resisted. The third is, that it is to be overcome by *good*. The world outside of Christianity (using Christianity in its largest sense) has more or less consciously held the opinion, that what we call evil was a mistake, a blunder, a defect; that it was to be glozed over, paltered with, palliated, not conquered; that it was to be dealt with, when dealt with at all, after the violent and vindictive fashion.

There is, certainly, something very remarkable in the emphasis which Christianity in every form, and especially in its best and purest form, has from first to last laid on the fact of evil. Its earliest view was undoubtedly *practical;* it was a heart view. By its genial conception of the pure and friendly God, by the lofty standard which it set up for human character, by the moral grandeur with which it invested life, by the beautiful, the matchlessly beautiful pattern which it exhibited of human excellence in the person of Jesus, it touched the moral sense of mankind as it had never been touched before. It regenerated conscience, so that it appeared as if there had never been such a thing as conscience until it came. It carried a pure and holy light into the dark world, that made the dark world look like a huge chamber of ghastly imagery. Foul stains became visible where nothing had been seen or suspected before. By the side of the Christ the popular Greek, Roman and Hebrew stamp of character was shameful and loathsome; the great models of virtue lost their grandeur and became distortions instead of perfect models of humanity. Even the gods and goddesses were pulled down from their sacred seats in the worshipping imaginations of men. The first duty and work of the Christian sentiment, wherever it went, was to set the stamp of evil upon practices which had up to that time passed for innocent, if not for worthy and good. Wherever its light fell, it brought out the stains of guilt, and made the world look wicked. And, as that light has more and more spread through the world, the world has looked more and more wicked. There are people now who profess to believe that the moral condition of the race is worse than it ever was, but this is only because they see so many enormities that were covered and hidden by the dark in the olden time. They mistake the discovery of wrong for the birth of wrong; and whereas, they should congratulate themselves that they have eyes to *see* what is amiss, they make themselves unhappy, as if nothing had been amiss till they opened their eyes. But the shadows are always blackest when the sun is in his strength in a cloudless sky, and when evil *looks* blackest in the earth or in the life, we may be sure that the radiant powers of good are at work in their utmost intensity.

The gloomy views which the popular Christianity presented of human nature and human life attest after all the loftiness of its moral ideal. It was the tremendous vigor of the Christian *conscience*, the dizzying elevation of the Christian standard of *duty*, that crowded the earth with fiends, and made life a perpetual battle with Satan, and pronounced all pleasure accursed.

If Christianity portrayed the spirit of evil in shape the most colossal and in hues the most frightful; if its devil was the blackest devil the imagination of man ever painted; if its hell was the deepest hell man's horror ever dug; if it called sin an infinite wrong, and deemed nothing less than an eternal misery fit punishment for guilt, it was because it so exalted the moral and spiritual nature of man.

When all this intense feeling hardened into *philosophy*, the philosophy was what we know it was, a philosophy which recognized evil as a PRINCIPLE, as a LAW, as a malignant WILL, as a Prince, with the world for an empire, demons for officers, and mankind for subjects. Against this philosophy our cooler and more rational judgment has long entered its protest. We say that evil is not a Prince, is not a Principle, is not a Law, is not a Power. We are disposed to question its positive character and definite existence; we like to think of it as a negation—as defect, as want—weakness, inertia, powerlessness. We are fond of saying that there is a soul of good in things evil. Bad people, says Reason, are simply stupid people, against whom moral influences are as misdirected as they might be against idiots or dunces; that they are people on whom wrath and love are equally thrown away. On this theory, coolly accepted and acted on as a theory, it cannot be questioned that conscience is disarmed and stands before evil no longer defiant, but mute and nerveless.

Is there no way of reconciling these views? Is there no way of justifying ourselves in proceeding against evil things as evil, while confessing that there is or has been in them a soul of good? I think there may be; and this is the solution by which I would satisfy the demands of the moral sense, and at the same time meet the just criticisms of philosophy.

All evil is good at first; and it assumes the character of evil only when, having outlived its time and outgrown its usefulness, it hangs on human society, a mass of dead, decaying matter, hindering its advance, hampering its movement, and even breaking down the springs of its life. Take, for instance, the strongest case that can be presented—the case that is interesting all of us so intensely to-day—the institution of slavery; an institution which has drawn upon itself now the full fire of the Christian conscience, and is fairly convicted at the bar of conscience of every known guilt. Originally it was no evil; not only was it not *regarded* as an evil, but it really was none. Indeed I do not scruple to say, that, originally, its mission was beneficent. Slavery was first adopted as an expedient for saving men and women from wholesale massacre, and obviating in some degree the danger of diminishing too rapidly the population of the earth. Slaves were prisoners of war, who, instead of being put to death, according to almost universal usage, were preserved for the cultivation of the fields, the tending of herds, the performance of household offices, the increase of wealth and power in society. They were held in bondage because all the stringent coercing of a state of bondage was needed to make the demi-savages work at all. None but the severest discipline, continued for many generations, might avail to overcome the natural repugnance to labor on the part of men whose existence had been spent in rapine and war. The estate of slavery was a necessary one, and not needlessly cruel. It was not a violation of brotherhood, for there was no idea of brotherhood; it was not a crime against human nature, for there was no sacredness attached to human nature; it was not an infringement of human rights, for no conception of human rights had anywhere dawned; it was no hindrance to social progress, for it was fully abreast with social progress; indeed it was a *help* to social progress. So far from depriving any of their privileges, it opened to them opportunities they would not otherwise have enjoyed; so far from being a reproach to civilization, it was one of the agencies by which civilization became possible. Nobody, absolutely nobody, detected a wrong in it; the wisest and the best men regarded it with honest favor. Even in the time of Jesus, the social condition of man was so rude, inharmonious, chaotic, so infested with ancient barbarism and savagery, that the *evil* of slavery was not suspected. The great light that came into the world then made no immediate disclosure of this wrong, for such disclosure would have been untimely. Paul, who speaks so strongly about the duty of overcoming evil, gives no command to overcome this evil; and generations passed before it was seen to be inconsistent even with the relations of Christian brotherhood.

Later the case was wholly changed. What was originally no evil was the sum of evil; what originally was a help to civilization was a drag on civilization; what was innocent was in the last degree shameful; what was in no way detrimental to human character, in no way hurtful to the finest moral sense, in no way injurious to the purest social sentiments, in no way repugnant to the best feelings of justice or mercy, was now a prolific source of moral and social maladies, and was retained only at the expense of a continual rasping and searing of the human conscience. Once it advanced man's material condition, now it repressed man's progress; once it furnished the ground for a certain sort of fidelity, generosity, honor and even humanity between man and man—now it caused a positive decrease, and even a complete perversion of all fidelity, generosity, honor and humanity. It grated on every feeling of human nature, and jostled against every interest of human existence. So obviously and in every sense was it an evil, that whereas the Christian apostles did not move a finger to push it out of the way, now, no man could be called a Christian who, knowing what the institution was, did not regard it with abhorrence as an outrage on every sanctity, human or divine. Our moral sentiment has grown to this, and has grown to this because it has work to do commensurate with its growth; and we heartily invoke the judgment of Heaven on that which Plato allowed in his model republic, and Paul permitted in his Christian society. Even in *this* evil there *was* a soul of good, as its apologists assert. But the soul of good there was in it once does not sanctify it now. On the contrary, the evilness of it only looks darker against the service it has rendered. Once it was to be encouraged, now it is to be overcome. "The first lesson of history," says Emerson, "is the good of evil. Good is a good doctor, but bad is sometimes a better"; having said which, you would expect to see Mr. Emerson falling back into a languid indifference to all social wrongs and vices. But no; the great thinker goes on to explain that bad helps man only by teazing and provoking good. The power of benefit lies after all in the *good*. There is no *virtue* in evil; it is a cause of nothing excellent; all excellence is in *spite* of it; all excellence comes in opposition to it; vice challenges virtue into the field, makes it fight hard, puts it upon its mettle, developes its muscularity, is the occasion of its gaining the victory; but the victory belongs to the virtue and not to the vice. Without the vice virtue would have been a miserable, puny thing—perhaps it would have been nothing at all, but only a suspicion of a thing; but without the virtue vice would ravage and ruin the world. The very men, therefore, who extol the good part which evil has played in the world are the most earnest teachers of the doctrine that evil must be resisted by main force, and overcome if possible. The doctrine that Good is a good doctor, but Bad sometimes a better, means battle, and strength through battle; it means victory, not of idleness or indifference, but of manly virtue. Mr. Emerson, in spite of his assertion that the first lesson of history is the good of evil, would be the very last man to let evil alone till he had made it yield him all the good which could be extracted from it in the shape of manly courage and nobleness and superiority of character.

Gratefully let us acknowledge that there *is* a soul of goodness in things evil, for it is the soul of good in them that makes it possible to overcome them; it is at least that, and that alone, that makes it possible to overcome them with *good*. If there were such a thing in the universe as pure malignity, as unadulterated vice, as unredeemed and unredeemable guilt, it would be absolutely absurd to think of overcoming it with good or with anything else. All the love of heaven would be as much thrown away on it as the sunshine is thrown away on the sand of the sea-shore or the cliffs of the Atlantic coast. Origen, the Ancient Church Father, believed and taught that at last the Devil himself would be converted. But he could not have believed or taught so, had he not held that the Devil was a fallen angel, with something of the angel still at the root of his being, with the *root* of his being ALL angel in fact, and only a very thick crust of devil for the infinite kind

ness may be weak, but is our goodness *good?* Ask any honest city missionary, ask any man who has made a faithful study of crime, ask any high-minded teacher, ask any pastor of large experience in human guilt and penitence, if goodness is a *weak* thing. They will tell you that goodness is a thing which no sin can withstand. They will tell you that where hard men and women have been softened into penitence, or melted into tears, or moulded into virtue, goodness has done it. They will tell you that where callous hearts have been touched, and wicked hearts have been awed, and crushed hearts have been uplifted, where broken hearts have been healed, and foul hearts have been purified, and proud hearts have been humbled, and despairing hearts have been filled with new hopes, goodness has done it. They will tell you that goodness has done this a thousand and ten thousand times.

Let me tell you a little story. Nothing brutalizes men like drunkenness; no vice wears so many features of evil as that; no vice is harder to overcome. This is the story of a drunkard—an inveterate, abandoned, reckless, inhuman drunkard. He had a wife of course; drunkards seem always to be provided with wives, for the purpose, I suppose, of showing most triumphantly how much angel there is in woman. This wife had long watched her husband's evil course with a grief that had at length become despair. All the ordinary motives to a better life had been touched in vain. He had lost his self-respect; he was harsh to his children, he was cruel to his best friend. One night in Winter he came home late, as usual, and opened his front door. His wife, awake in her chamber, heard him come in, and the same instant heard the noise as of a heavy fall. Hastening down, she found the man had stumbled on the step and dropped heavily across the threshold, part of his body lying inside the door and partlying outside. She was not strong enough to move him; she could not leave him there unwatched; she would not call the neighbors for fear of exposing him. So she covered him up, and sat by him, the wind blowing on her the night through. At break of day, as the neighbors began to stir, and the street became alive, she roused him, and said: "My dear, hadn't you better go up stairs now? You would not like that the folks should see you lying here." He opened his eyes, and in a moment the heavens were opened to him. The love, the tenderness, the patience, the pity, the devotion of years, were revealed to him, and from the depths of his own heart, from the abyss of old affection and sweet memories of happy and pure days, came the response—not in words—too unspeakable for words. He staggered to his feet, went to his chamber, bolted himself in, listened there to the voices that spake to him, and came out a changed man. That was overcoming evil with *good.* But ah! it was *good.* That woman's love was no poor sentimentalism, no shedding of easy tears; it had in it all the ingredients of heaven; it had in it forbearance, mercy, fidelity, truth, self-devotion, self-sacrifice; if it had been composed of any materials less rich than those, it would have availed *nothing.*

They who ridicule the idea of overcoming evil with good have no conception of the terribly searching power that goodness is. Most people seem to think that goodness is rose-water. They describe it as a pale, pretty, pensive lady, with a soft voice and a melting eye, who minces about with money in her pocket and flowers in her hand, distributing calico aprons and evangelical tracts, reading chapters from the Psalms, and murmuring little charities in the places where want is rotting and sin blasphemes. Goodness is painted as a divinity student, with a white neck-cloth and a clean shirt, and smooth hair falling over his bloodless cheeks. No wonder men doubt its ability to go into the fight with lions. Goodness must needs be a rather *tremendous* thing to perform the duty assigned to it in the earth. It must not be afraid of a tear or a shriek; it must not turn pale at a fainting-fit, or sicken at sight of blood; it must be able to use the lancet and the scalpel, and even to apply the moxa, if the moral diseases of men can be cured in no other fashion, saving men as by fire. It must honor men too much to leave them their painted idolatries, and must love them too much to spare their toy-shops. Tender it must be, but tender of that which is most precious, the life, not the raiment or the meat—the inner life of character, not the outer life of flesh. The infinite Father sends his children to a stern school, where the scourge is still in fashion, and the lessons are hard, and the bottom of the class is for the idle scholar; and if the dear souls do wrong, the great Benefactor makes them feel it. He lashes them unmercifully with pain and want, and poverty and sickness; he thrusts them into the dark closet of conscience; he stretches them on the rack of remorse; he makes them walk over the hot iron of shame; not adopting the system of model prisons, which leaves out the punishment, but leaves out also the love! Better the punishment, with the love that makes it medicine, than the flat good-nature which is too squeamish to inflict pain, and too imbecile to effect cure. "Providence is no sentimentalist. It has a wild, rough, incalculable road to its end." But its end is the conquest of evil, and if evil is a rhinoceros, it is of no use to let fly at him a bird bolt. Give us a little of the goodness that the Perfect Goodness uses towards those it would bring to heaven, and we should not doubt that evil would be overcome. One, the representative of a very large class, of a very large and powerful party, in fact—a party that carries a white banner with the beauty of the lilies on its spotless ground—was speaking the other day of the behavior which the free and loyal States of the North should pursue towards their revolted sisters of the South. We must not be vindictive, he said; we must not return evil for evil; we must temper our wrath with forbearance, and sweeten our justice with mercy; we must treat them magnanimously, and concede to them every possible grace. All wise and good and Christian; perhaps we have been too bloodthirsty; perhaps we are too vindictive; perhaps we do talk too coolly about dealing blows which can have no effect but that of beating our enemies to a mass of bloody bruises; perhaps we do entertain thoughts which the Christian breast should refuse to harbor. But when this speaker, by way of giving point to his exhortation to mercy and specifying the way in which good was to overcome evil, went on to say, "We must respect their social institutions; we must not touch their customs, we must not take from them their property," it seemed to me that he showed this same imperfect apprehension of what goodness signifies and demands. Respect their social institutions! But have not their social institutions been killing them? are not their social institutions their disease? Does goodness require the surgeon to respect the cancer in his patient's side, or the priest to respect the darling habit or the bosom sin of the penitent at the confessional? The worst harm we could do them, judging by experience, would be to respect their social institutions. Were we their bitterest enemies, we could not visit on them a more terrible curse than the restoration, the reëstablishment, the strengthening of their social institutions. If we wished to consign them to the hell on earth, we should do just that thing. "We must not take away from them their property." But what if their property be an adder that they are cherishing in their bosom? What if it be their property that makes them poor, their lands valueless, their soil unproductive, their climate unhealthy, their population sparse, their laboring classes degraded, their wealth undistributed, their social condition insecure, their laws cruel, their usages and customs behind the time, their industry backward, their intelligence low, their morals loose? Is it kindness to leave them their property? Pray, then, what is unkindness? What is cruelty? What is vindictiveness in its most terrific form? Overcome evil by perpetuating the very evil that is to be overcome! Overcome evil by taking off your hat to it and saying, "Your very humble servant"! Ah, no; if we really did care for our Southern neighbors, we should never dream for an instant of compromising with them in regard to their institutions or their property; we should press our mercy on them till their institutions were completely abolished; we should wage our pity till their pride of unholy property was taken clean away; we should love them till we had loved their unrighteousness and inhumanity all out of them—till our tears had washed the very dust from their very feet. Yes, if we had ever loved them, if we had ever been disposed to show goodness to them, if we had ever cherished a noble desire for their well being, long ere this the evil that is in them might have been overcome, the frightful outbreak of disease and demonism would have been avoided, and there would have been no occasion whatever for administering the bitter medicine of the sword.

Dear friends, the very sad truth is that there is small disposition in most of us to overcome evil either in our private character or our neighbor's life. Evil is quite too pleasant and genial and goodly and profitable a thing for us to wish it overcome. We cannot abhor it when it looks so flatteringly on us; we cannot call it hard names when it comes to us so *debonnaire;* we cannot repel its advances when it brings us such store of wealth. We would rather conciliate than crush it; we would rather strike hands with it than clutch it with the death-grapple. We would rather try the method of amiability, speak it fair, deal with it politely, caress it, and pacify it with sweetmeats, than try the honest and stern method of goodness, which bids us put it away. Most men prefer living half sick to taking the medicine that would restore them to perfect health; and they are very, very few indeed who trouble themselves about the moral diseases of their fellow-men, or think it in the least worth their while to remove them for the sufferer's sake. It is the way of men to cosset their maladies, and the worse the maladies are, the more they cosset them. Just as the army contractors pray for a continuance of the war, so the people who make gain out of sin pray that sin may rest undisturbed forever; and very thankful is the poor sinner for the benefit of their prayers! The author of Hudibras never described a larger class of men than when he described those who

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to."

The war policy of Mercy has a stern and vindictive look. Paul commended it because it had. Paul commended it because it did most fully satisfy the demands of an indignant conscience. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." But the scathing of this cruel kindness leaves no root of hate. It burns, but it burns out the evil only.

The most exquisite hater could wish for his victim no keener suffering than the utmost pity of Heaven would cause him to feel in every fibre of his sensitive being. The most exquisite lover could wish for his friend no peace more delicious than this pity of Heaven would cause to suffuse his heart. To overcome with goodness is to convert, is to regenerate; it is to allay animosity, to restore confidence, to revive hope, to lay the basis of peace and good will in respect for justice, order and humanity; it is to efface the bitter memory of shame and defeat; it is to wipe out the dark stains of blood; it is to create an atmosphere in which jealousy and arrogance and fear shall die. Oh! how much more than physical force, or wealth, or intelligence, or culture, or mercantile industry, or political sagacity, or adroit statesmanship, is needed for that! How much more than ordinary good will, than common kindness, than usual love, is needed for it! What heroic tenderness is called for! What stubborn, what implacable pity! What mercy as of the overhanging skies themselves! Who has it? Who comprehends it? Surely *not* they who think it cannot speak harshly; surely *not* they who think it cannot hurt; surely *not* they who think it never carries in its hand anything more formidable than an olive branch; surely *not* they who think it carries on its arm ever a basket of flowers, never a brazier with coals of fire. This conquering, soul-subduing, rescuing and recreating goodness is surely *not* theirs; it is theirs less than anybody's. Others may not have it; none may have it; but these have it less than any, for they leave out of it entirely the element of purification, of chastening, of redemption. Without that element no goodness is possible. Without that element no goodness is conceivable. Coals of fire without a pretense of mercy are better than the pretense of mercy without the coals of fire. Justice without a tear-drop of pity is better than the tear-drop of pity without Justice. Truth without an expression of tenderness is more heavenly than an expression of tenderness without truth.

The office of goodness is to *make good.* If this can be effected by rain and dew, and sunshine and gentle airs from Southern skies, well; if it can be effected by storm and cloud and blight and thunder and lightning, well, too, though not *so* well. But in God's name let *that* be effected!

POLITICAL.

George H. Williams, a Union Democrat, has been elected U. S. Senator by the Legislature of Oregon, to succeed J. W. Nesmith, Copperhead.

The Hon. E. R. Ingersoll, successor to Owen Lovejoy, has been unanimously nominated for reëlection by the Union Convention of the fifth Illinois District.

The Cecil (Md.) *Whig* says that every rebel in Cecil County means to vote for Gen. McClellan. The secessionists have always been very numerous in that County, and it would not be surprising, therefore, if McClellan obtained the most votes in it, although the State is sure for Lincoln by a large majority.

The Presidential Election is fixed by law to take place on the Tuesday following the first Monday in November, and not the first Tuesday, as many suppose. This year the first Monday not coming till the 7th, the election takes place on the second Tuesday, which is the 8th.

A few days since, an inquiring gentleman endeavoring to ascertain the political proclivities of the passengers on board the Hudson steamer, Mary Powell, requested those in favor of Mr. Lincoln to step to the port side. This they were proceeding to do, *en masse* when Captain Anderson politely interfered, for the reason that the great preponderance on that side would *endanger the boat.*

Says the Washington correspondent of the *Herald:* "It is stated that Gen. Grant dislikes the Chicago platform and McClellan's letter of acceptance very much, and expresses his opinions freely on the subject. He is clearly of the opinion that Lincoln should be reëlected. It is apparent that he is gradually becoming 'abolitionized'—by which it is understood that he is beginning to feel and act in common with the Washburne class of Republicans. Twelve months have worked great apparent changes in his sentiments."

In his speech at Dayton, Ohio, on the 6th inst., Mr. Vallandigham promised his hearers that as soon as McClellan was elected there should be no more dragging of their children to the battle-field "to be offered up a sacrifice that negroes may be free." He also complimented his audience with the remark that they were now ready to join in the angelic song, "Peace on earth, and good will toward men." Hereupon one of his hearers supplemented an improved version of the Scriptural quotation by crying out, "*White* men! Good will toward *white* men!" We commend this amendment in this angelic song to the Chicago Convention.

A mass Convention of loyal men, dissatisfied with President Lincoln's re-nomination, is to be held in Cincinnati on Wednesday next. The object of the Convention, according to *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, is not to nominate a new candidate, but to "advise the individual voter to instruct the government with his wishes and opinions, by inscribing on his ballot his personal preferences for President and Vice President in the approaching canvass; and next, to advise the electors, who would be thus harmoniously chosen, to cast their united verdict in favor of those candidates, who shall have the largest number of votes. This method, in addition to being in harmony with the original intentions of the Constitution, would effectually take the sense of the Nation, and while it would probably result in the endorsement and reëlection of Mr. Lincoln, it would also so instruct him, through the votes which would range next in strength to his own, as to enable him to re-shape his administration in accordance with the expressed wishes of the people."

Gov. Seymour has been nominated by the Copperhead Democracy for reëlection as Governor of this State. The following statement of the way in which it was done is from the *Herald*, and it is generally credited as true:

"ALBANY, Sept. 15, 1864.

"One of the coolest tricks ever played upon a Convention has taken place this afternoon. A furor was got up for Seymour, and a motion made to nominate him by acclamation. This was opposed, but it was stated that it was only for a compliment; that there was authority in the Convention to withdraw his name. Upon that statement all opposition to the motion subsided, and the compliment of the nomination was tendered him. Two persons stated to the Convention that they were authorized to withdraw his name, and that Gov. Seymour had stated to them positively that he could not accept; but the Convention would not accept this explanation, and appointed a Committee to wait upon the Governor. The Committee, after a short absence, returned with an answer from Gov. Seymour, which in fact was talking declining, and yet he thought on the whole that he would not be justified in withdrawing his name. This took the Convention by surprise; the trick of the compliment became a serious matter, and Gov. Seymour was in reality the candidate. The slate of the Regency was demolished, and the friends of the other candidates looked for a few moments as though they were about to attend the funeral of some dear friend. The sell was one of the most complete ever witnessed."

The Governor's prospects of a reëlection are not brilliant.

The *Commonwealth* takes the right view of the action and motives of the Peace Democracy. It says:

"The opposition of the Peace wing is a feint. It is meant to deceive all those citizens, who are for party or any other reasons opposed to Lincoln, and who are, nevertheless, ready to purchase peace at "any price." Vallandigham and the Woods, not being natural fools, know that their opposition will help the election of McClellan more than anything else they can do. If they did not know it before, they have known it since the capture of Atlanta. It is nonsense to say they were disappointed because McClellan did not endorse the Chicago Platform. They knew when they adopted that platform that no man could be elected who endorsed it, except by the aid of overwhelming rebel victories. It was Sherman that disappointed them. They guarded against that by not putting in nomination a man who had endorsed the platform in advance. There is in reality perfect moral harmony between McClellan and the platform; just as perfect as there is between A. H. Stephens and Jefferson Davis."

A few days since, on board the steamer St. John, when she was hardly out of sight of the city on her way up the Hudson, a burly, coarse-looking man advanced to the centre of the saloon, and rather noisily expressed his desire to bet $100, three to one, that George B. McClellan would be the next President of the United States. A New York merchant quickly accepted the challenge, remarking that he should be glad to make it $1,000, if the big man chose. Big man suddenly grew smaller at this unexpected display of confidence in the Administration, and much to the amusement of the crowd, pocketed his money, declaring, "Anyhow, McClellan is the greatest general in the known world." The discussion of candidate and principle then commenced in earnest, and the crowd increased until it was almost impossible to pass through the saloon. Two champions of opposite principles would be spiritedly debating with as large a crowd around them as could get near enough to hear and comment; and those who could not formed another circle around other debaters. The balustrade of the upper tier of state-rooms was crowded with ladies, looking down upon the exciting scene, which continued unabated; first speaker taking the floor as often as either party was fatigued or vanquished, until after 10 o'clock, when it was suggested that the question be decided by a vote. It was decided that the vote should be taken by the McClellan men passing to the left side of the saloon, and the Administration men to the right—the umpire to stand upon the heater in the centre. But no umpire was needed, for three-fourths of the large crowd passed quickly to the right; and seeing immediately the crest-fallen few who had gone to the left, sent up a shout of triumph which made the old boat ring. Three cheers were then proposed for Abraham Lincoln, and most enthusiastically given.

IN MEMORIAM.

E. H. W.

THE grave that lately closed over ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER, sister of the poet, revives in all who knew the inmates of their sequestered cottage in Amesbury by the Merrimack a half-sacred impression of the beauty of her life, the Christian heroism of her spirit, and the rare fineness of her intellectual gifts. Brother and sister, both sufferers during many years of ill-health, have long watched affectionately over each other, until now one watches alone. "But I pray to be preserved," says the survivor, in a private letter, "from selfish sorrow and repining; for I know it is all in mercy that she has been called away into rest and peace."

Favored by nature with no small portion of those poetic powers lavished in such abundant measure upon her brother, she wrote but few pieces, though these are enough to show that she bore in her bosom the genuine fire that kindles human hearts. Such poems as her "Dr. Kane in Cuba" and "Lady Franklin"—originally published in the *Independent*—show what she might have done had she cherished any ambition for literary reputation.

She loved home, quiet, and all beautiful things—enjoying, as well as suffering, from her delicately sensitive temperament. No one ever had warmer friends. She esteemed every one better than herself; and, while full of charity for others, she was inexorable as to what she regarded as her own short-comings. Since the death of the mother of these rare children, the daughter had little inclination to go abroad, and rarely left home except on some errand of charity or kindness. All the strength of her days was expended in efforts to relieve the sick and wounded soldiers and the needy freedmen.

As our readers have in times past seen in these columns several of her best-known poems, we give here, as specimens of her style, two little pieces less current.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

The storm-wind is howling
Through old pines afar;
The drear night is falling,
Without moon or star.

The rous'd sea is lashing
The bold shore behind,
And the moan of its ebbing
Keeps time with the wind.

On, on through the darkness,
A spectre, I pass
Where, like moaning of broken hearts,
Surges the grass!

I see her lone head-stone—
'Tis white as a shroud;
Like a pall hangs above it
The low drooping cloud.

Who speaks through the dark night
And lull of the wind?
'Tis the sound of the pine-leaves
And sea-waves behind!

The dead girl is silent—
I stand by her now;
And her pulse beats no quicker,
Nor crimsons her brow.

The small hand that trembled,
When last in my own,
Lies patient and folded,
And colder than stone.

Like the white blossoms falling
To-night in the gale,
So she in her beauty
Sank mournful and pale.

Yet I loved her! I utter
Such words by her grave
As I would not have spoken
Her last breath to save.

Of *her* love the angels
In heaven might tell,
While mine would be whispered
With shudders in hell!

'Twas well that the white ones
Who bore her to bliss
Shut out from her new life
The vision of this,

Else, sure as I stand here,
And speak of my love,
She would leave for my darkness
Her glory above!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Close beside the meeting waters
Long I stood as in a dream,
Watching how the little river
Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current
Glided to the waiting sea;
On its breast serenely pictured
Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, "Oh, human spirit!
Strong and deep and pure and blest,
Let the stream of my existence
Blend with thine, and find its rest!"

I could die as dies the river
In that current deep and wide;
I would live as live its waters,
Flashing from a stronger tide!

—*Independent.*

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF COLORED MEN.—The National Convention of colored men, which was first called to meet in this city, will be held in Syracuse on October 4. The object of the Convention is to deliberate upon the condition and prospects of the colored race, and the means of advancing its interests, with special reference to the wants of millions of slaves, who are, the callers of the Convention say, likely to become free in consequence of the war. A Committee of Arrangements is making the necessary preparations for the arrival of the delegates; and the minutes of the Convention are to be sent to the heads of the several departments of state at Washington, the members of both Houses of Congress, and the Governors of all the loyal States.

DANIEL WEBSTER WILDER, Esq., who has been for several years the able editor of the Leavenworth (Kansas) *Conservative*—in spite of its name a thoroughly Radical journal—has left the editorial chair. Mr. Wilder is the youngest son of the late Dr. Wilder of Blackstone, Mass., and brother of A. C. Wilder, Representative in Congress from Kansas. He is a young man of fine abilities and high character.

PARKER FRATERNITY LECTURES.—The seventh series of the Parker Fraternity Lectures in Boston will be opened in Music Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 11th, by G. W. Curtis, Esq. The succeeding lectures will be delivered on successive Tuesday evenings by Octavius B. Frothingham, Anna E. Dickinson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, David A. Wasson, Charles G. Ames, Wendell Phillips, Jacob M. Manning, and Henry Ward Beecher.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

VICTORY IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

The great feature of the news this week is a victory in the Shenandoah Valley by Gen. Sheridan. On Monday morning Sheridan attacked the rebels, in their chosen and fortified position, and after a most sanguinary battle, lasting till dark, drove them back through Winchester, with a loss of three thousand prisoners, fifteen battle-flags, five pieces of artillery, while their killed and wounded all fell into our hands. The battle began on the Opequan Creek, between Bunker Hill and Winchester, at about 12 o'clock on Monday, Sheridan making the attack in splendid style, his columns massed, and advancing with colors flying and bands playing. The battle raged until dark, the defeat of the rebels being complete. They were driven back through Winchester, with a loss of not less than five thousand killed and wounded, beside their prisoners. Among their losses are Gens. Rodes, Gordon, Wharton and Ramsour killed, and Bradley P. Johnson and York wounded. Sheridan's loss was also severe. Gen. Russell, commanding a division in the Sixth Corps, was killed, and Gens. Upton, McIntosh and Chapman wounded. Sheridan, at last accounts, had pursued the enemy almost to Strasburg.

PIRACY ON LAKE ERIE.

Two small steamers, the Parsons and the Island Queen, were captured, a few days since, off Sandusky, by rebel pirates. The Island Queen was subsequently sunk by the breaking of the water-cock of one of her engines, and the Parsons was taken over to the Canada side and burned. There is reason to believe that these captures were part of a plot for the seizure of the U. S. steamer Michigan and the liberation of the Johnson Island prisoners. The leader and several of his accomplices have been captured.

FROM ATLANTA.

The latest news from Sherman is that all is going well at Atlanta. He has decided to make Atlanta a purely military post, and to that end has ordered all citizens to go either North or South, as they may choose; and to give them a passage through the lines he has arranged a truce for ten days with the rebel Gen. Hood, which began on Wednesday last. The rebel papers, of course, are very indignant at this order, and indulge in a great deal of extravagant and foolish rage about it.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

SIGNS OF RECEDING.

The correspondent of the *Times* in the Army of the James, under date Sept. 14, says: "The rebels show signs of receding from their unjust position respecting the negro soldiers of the United States who are prisoners in their power. Perhaps the strongest illustration of this may be given in stating that among the officers exchanged in this last levy was a chaplain of a black regiment, himself unmistakably a descendant of Ham."

FROM GEN. CANBY'S DEPARTMENT.

NEW YORK, Thursday, Sept. 15, 1864.

Private letters received here from Morganzia state everything there is progressing favorably. The order for the consolidation of colored regiments was rescinded by Maj.-Gen. Canby, and Gen. Ullman was authorized to take measures to have these forces recruited from plantations. A few skeleton colored regiments were disbanded, the men being put into existing regiments, thus bringing them up to a more effective numerical standard.

It is reported that Brig.-Gen. Ullman has proposed to the President and Secretary of War the plan of establishing two camps of instruction for colored soldiers, one to be located in Virginia, and one in Missouri or Louisiana, for the purpose of collecting all colored recruits, who shall be duly instructed in their duties by experienced and competent officers, before being put into the field. The proposition is said to meet with much favor from both regular and volunteer army officers, as it is thought that by thus collecting this force a reserve could always be depended upon for garrison and other duties.—*Tribune.*

NEGROES IN THE REBEL SERVICE.

The rebels employed 1,500 negroes in erecting the fortifications around Atlanta, and the whole squad was marched off when the place acuated.

THE LATE ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG.

The army correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing "in front of Petersburg, August 9, 1864," and giving an account of our late disastrous repulse, says:

As to the negro troops, they followed their officers into the very jaws of death, and not until their leaders were nearly all shot down did they flinch from the contest. Any other statement is purely a malignant lie, come from whatever source it may. Among these our own *59th U. S. Colored Troops*, raised mainly in this State, with portions from Wisconsin and Missouri, were conspicuous for their gallantry and soldierly bearing. They had the advance of the charge, led by their heroic chief, Lieut.-Col. John A. Bross. It was to him especially, and the officers of his regiment and brigade, as leading the charge directly into the very centre of the tremendous fire of grape and canister, that the expressions of the staff officers in yesterday's letter referred. They had seen more than a score of the most terrible battles of the war, and never witnessed heroism so noble, so truly self-sacrificing and sublime. Through and beyond the exploded fort, already piled with the dead and dying, and with skulkers from the advance, Col. Bross led his brigade, one color bearer after another being shot down, reached the inside line, and mounting it he seized the colors himself in his left hand, and waving his sword he cried, "Rally, my brave boys, rally! forward!" and fell to rise no more.

COLORED TROOPS BEFORE PETERSBURG.

From the Colored Correspondent of the Philadelphia Press.

*Deep Bottom, Va., Sept. 9....*In a short time we expect to be in Petersburg or Richmond, or both—certainly by the first of January, where, for the first time, the grand Emancipation proclamation of freedom will be commemorated in these strongholds of the enemy.

The canal at Dutch Gap, by which Gen. Butler hopes to avoid some seven or eight miles of the James river, and the obstructions placed there, is grandly progressing to a satisfactory completion. To the labors of the colored troops, who, amid the showers of shot and shell, are industriously prosecuting this great enterprise, will be ascribed the glory of its accomplishment. Though batteries, forts, and a ram are continually hurling their messengers of death to interrupt the work and drive them off, our black troops, who have become seasoned to this kind of exercise, which they regard as sport, continued on in their operations as cheerfully as if nothing was happening. Yesterday I saw a shell explode in the camp of the 6th (Penn.) U. S. C. T., and expected to see some uneasiness manifest at the close proximity of these ugly customers, but was surprised to observe no more commotion than if the occurrence had been one of the most ordinary circumstances. It will be gratifying to the people of Pennsylvania to learn that this gallant regiment, raised near Philadelphia, is doing a service, under trying circumstances, in connection with others equally as brave, that commends it to the consideration of the country. That colored troops should be selected to perform such an arduous duty, exposed as they are to the raking fire of the enemy from several batteries, is an evidence of their high standard in the estimation of their military chieftain.

This canal, constructed for some purpose best known to the commander-in-chief, will shortly be completed, when the colored troops, who have labored so faithfully for its execution, will be ready to respond to "Forward!" whenever it may be passed along the line.

FLAG PRESENTATION AT CAMP WILLIAM PENN.

From the Philadelphia Press, Sept. 16.

Yesterday afternoon two flags, heretofore described in the *Press*, were presented to the colored troops at Camp William Penn—one to the 45th, and the other to the 127th United States Colored Troops. A large number of invited guests were present, together with quite an array of the relations and friends of the soldiers. The ceremony took place under the large wild-cherry tree which stands in solitude almost in the centre of the immense parade ground. Previous to the presentation the troops, about 2,800 in number, performed various evolutions by battalions and companies. Aside from the little confusion arising from the inexperience of the troops, the evolutions were well performed, and concluded in the formation of the whole command into a hollow square, and the spectators gathered under it. Brig.-Gen. Birney, commanding 3d Division 18th Army Corps, presented the colors to the 45th Regiment. He ascended a temporary platform, and, taking the colors, addressed that regiment as follows:

SOLDIERS OF THE 45TH: In behalf of the Supervisory Committee, I have the honor to present to you this flag. It testifies their confidence that you will bear it well and bring it back again with honor. It was this war and its occasion that led them to present it to you. They knew that there was a probability that you were about to have the opportunity to bear it upon the field. I understand that you are soon to leave for City Point, and that you will be ordered to my command. I will, therefore, be able, when you pass from the hands of the Supervisory Committee, and leave for the seat of war, to introduce you to those men who have already stood around the flag in the midst of the battle. And this is the time and this the place, when the labors of the committee have ended, for you to make a solemn pledge, on your part, as a regiment, to those who have assisted in your organization. You, perhaps, have already made this pledge. It pledges you to submit without a murmur to the trials and fatigues incident to a soldier's life; to undergo the toilsome march, the scorching suns of Summer, and to bunk amid the snows and mud of Winter. It pledges you to incur the danger of long campaigning; it pledges you to stand without shrinking when the shells are bursting over you, and when the balls whiz through your ranks; it pledges you to obedience and respect to your officers, and to behavior like that of the soldiers who have so long fought the battles of the Republic. They will receive you with welcomes, for I do not know that I have ever heard among these men any discrimination as to the color of the eyes, the color of the hair, or the particular shade of the complexion of their comrades. There are no ideas like these among the regiments in the field. They honor those who do their duty when it is plain before them. And when each company officer does his duty, sees that his men do theirs, that company and that regiment is a good one. I can say that some of the very best regiments in the United States army are among the colored troops, and some of the very worst are there too. I say this as a matter of justice. I trust yours will be among the best. I do not believe there is a single regiment from Camp William Penn but what has done honor to those who have been the source of its origin. A good portion of the colored troops under my command came from this camp, and I have seen the 3d, 7th, 8th, and 9th, two of which came from this camp, come to their work again and again. I have never seen them flinch, but I have seen them drive the rebels for miles before them. I employed one of them particularly in South Carolina. We were posted at White Point, just below Charleston, and it was proposed they should do some of the fighting. Montgomery's regiment, the 1st South Carolina, composed almost exclusively of slaves, were opposed against the rebels, many of them their old masters. Well, the result was just this, gentlemen, they drove their old masters four or five miles (laughter), a proof of the patriotism, courage, and stamina of the colored troops. And then we find them again at Olustee—that unfortunate field. The colored men conducted themselves well in that fight. Although they were not brought into the battle until its unfortunate end, they acted as well as the other troops there in covering the retreat, protecting the rear, and confronting the pursuing rebels always with victory. I had the pleasure at one time of seeing, while in command at Florida, a specimen of the ability of the black troops against the rebels. We had been looking at each other for seven months. The rebels were posted at Baldwin, in Camp Milton. We were within half a mile of each other, and had staid in that position for seven months. Foster wanted to see how the colored troops could do. There were 1,500 of them, together with a few white troops. It was concluded to make what is called a flank movement, and in so doing we went up a river twenty-five miles above them, marched across the country, got into their rear, coming into Baldwin at its junction with the railroad. The 7th and 8th led the van. The rebels opposed them, thinking they were the only two regiments pitted against them; but fighting, they were driven clean through Baldwin, without stopping; but on reaching the railroad in the rear, the colored troops found 1,900 rebels with ten cannon, while they were but 1,800, or 1,600 strong with four cannon. It was understood among the rebels that the revenge for Olustee was to come off at Baldwin. They fought, therefore, fiercely and hard. The black troops went into them, bayonet in hand, and soon freed Baldwin from every rebel in it. They made up their minds at the outset not to take many prisoners, and they did not at that time (applause). The rebels continued fighting in retreat, but night coming on, they got away.

Next morning they were six or eight miles away, having crossed the St. Mary's river into Georgia. Thus, the black men, after a long march, took the town, held possession, and hold it now. At the battle near Deep Bottom the 8th regiment, from this camp, had an opportunity of distinguishing itself. The rebels made an attack on our lines in column. It was not expected; it was, indeed, a complete surprise. Expecting no attack at that time, we were extending our lines; they charged through the intrenchments in which those colored troops were stationed; the 9th regiment were being taught how to manage spades (the spade drill is a capital drill); the 9th quitted its vocation, but the rebel advancing column met no very easy victory. The colored pickets had just been changed. They were driven in, but the column met the noble 8th regiment, which received them with a volley and drove them back, leaving at least one hundred on the field. The rebels were repulsed. During all the thunder of the musketry, the loudest that had during that week of the campaign fallen on our ears, the question was asked, "What is doing in the front?" and the answer always was, "The 8th regiment is there; they will never pass the 8th regiment, it always stands its ground nobly."

Now, my friends, improve upon these examples. Every man of you will receive a cordial welcome among the soldiers of the army. All prejudice is now dissipated in their minds. Shoulder to shoulder they pull together. In every part of the seat of war—in the Department of the South, in the Army of the Potomac—colored soldiers are standing on picket with them—doing duty together in the trenches. There is, indeed, no prejudice against you. You will meet there, I say again, a cordial welcome. Every sign, I think, points towards an early termination of the war. You come in towards the last of it, but there are plenty of opportunities of doing yourselves credit. It is not unlikely that during the coming Fall and Winter every rebel flag, stronghold, and slave-master will be trampled under the feet of our loyal citizen-soldiers. If this should not be the case, if we should have to fight on, there will be plenty of hearts and hands to do it. We are ready, the citizens of the United States are ready, for the issue. History tells us of nations who have not only waged one war but several wars in order to shape their nationality. Should we not, in order to accomplish like ends, follow their example? France fought the secessionists of her provinces for centuries, and it took the Spaniards eight centuries to expel the Moors from Spain. Citizens! citizens! when I see you desponding, I wish to say to you that if it takes eight centuries to rebuild the shattered nationality of the American people, our children will "fight it out on that line" (cries of "We will," and great applause). My friends, when this war is finished, it will be finished in peace, and justice, and right. Go forth to battle, and the generosity and justice of the American people will take care of you. Look not behind! Listen not, do not be chicaned by the words or specious sophistries of politicians. Learn to be firm, and plotting politicians will be crushed by the indignation of a generous people. Go forth, then, with full faith in the people of these United States (prolonged applause).

Major Bates, receiving the flag on behalf of the 45th, replied in a short and modest address, assuring the donors of the flag that it had been entrusted to hands which would always strive to worthily defend it.

The flag intended for the 127th was presented by Charles Gibbons, Esq. He said:

SOLDIERS: I have been called upon to present to you this flag as the flag of your regiment. It is the flag under which you have enlisted, and I am constrained to say under which the enslavers of your race once came to receive protection in the possession and enjoyment of their slaves. While true to that flag, they were entitled by law to that protection. If they had not torn, spit upon and trampled it under foot, it would have been this day floating out over some auction-block, where men, women and children were knocked down as cattle to the highest bidder. All these men were subject to that Constitution in which the word "slavery" had never been written, and to the government that grew with unexampled rapidity—that grew, too, into a powerful nation under that solemn declaration before God and man, and transmitted to us, that all men are created equal, and endowed by the Creator with the inalienable right of liberty. They caught all of those who wished to be free and independent and ran away. They could pursue and capture them in the free States, and lead them back again into captivity under this flag. The nation believed that the foreign slave trade was unlawful and denounced it as piracy, but the people of the nation declared that slavery should not become a national institution under this government. They declared that as long as it lived it should be left within its present boundaries. The free Territories of the government at least would be preserved for the labor of freemen. From this position the country refused to budge; the people stuck to it, and the slaveholders went mad. Another madness seized them. They resolved to cut loose from the Union, from the Constitution that had so long protected them in their peculiar property, to part from it, and form for themselves a new and independent government founded upon the principle of human slavery. And so they repudiated the Constitution, they withdrew their representatives, they set up a government for themselves, with slavery as its corner-stone. They threw into obscurity the flag that the American people loved, and they made war upon the United States of America. And that is the war in which we are now engaged—the war that is waged on their side in the cause of slavery, and on ours to preserve the purity of free government (loud and continued applause). That cause appeals to all the instincts of our manhood. It is the cause in which you have enlisted. It is the war for the emancipation of your race (cheers from the soldiers). And let me tell you that slavery is not only your enemy, but it is the enemy that the Union has to fear, and which it must countinue to fear until it is crushed from every State; until every intrenchment thrown around it is broken. Until then we can never hope for a permanent and honorable peace which can compensate the nation for all the treasure and blood this war has cost (applause). Then, men of the 127th, take this flag and bear it forth as a good companion of death, which may await you on many a field. Remember your race is to be free and regenerated. Remember it is no longer an emblem of slavery. It no longer fears its voice, or fears its presence. It floats over the soil of a free people and a free government (cheers). Take it, then, and bear it aloft with grateful hearts and fearless arms; grateful to God that the day is come to serve yourselves (applause from the soldiers). And remember that not only America but all the world will watch you closely when in the storm of battle. Your own deeds must forever establish your title to the gratitude of your country and the respect of mankind (applause).

Col. Given, of the 127th, responded, and his remarks were frequently met by the enthusiastic cheering of his men. He said he hoped that under it the colored soldiers might perform deeds that would lead the country to recognize the vast army of colored soldiers as colored American citizens. In this government, the best on earth, he and his men were determined to fight to the last. The flag, he promised for himself and his soldiers, would be brought back glorious and untarnished.

This speech concluded the ceremony of presentation. Through the politeness of Dr. G. Huhn, the surgeon in charge of the camp, we were conducted through the various buildings, and were gratified to observe the general air of comfort and cleanliness. The hospital is almost empty, the salubrity of the situation contributing to the general health of the occupants. The soldiers occasion no complaint among the residents in the neighborhood of the camp. We are informed that their honesty is scrupulous—taking nothing—destroying nothing. This is a good record.

Summary.

LIFE OF HORACE MANN.—It is proposed, to publish by subscription, a life of Hon. Horace Mann, with selections from his Correspondence, Speeches, etc., by Mrs. Mann. The work will be completed in 3 vols. 12mo, at a price not exceeding $5 in gold. Subscribers' names are received by Walker, Wise & Co., 242 Washington Street.—*Commonwealth.*

HANGMAN FOOTE (Henry S. Foote) has addressed a letter to the public through the columns of the Richmond *Whig*, relative to the peace manifestations in the United States, and the spirit in which the rebels should respond to

Miscellaneous Department.

CARLYLE IN HIS PRESENT ASPECT.

[Part of an article in the *Christian Examiner* for September, entitled "The Two Carlyles, or Carlyle Past and Present."]

We now come to treat of Carlyle in his present aspect—a much less agreeable task. We leave Carlyle the generous and gentle, for Carlyle the hard cynic. We leave him, the friend of man, lover of his race, for another Carlyle, advocate of negro slavery, worshipper of mere force, sneering at philanthropy, and admiring only tyrants, despots and slaveholders. The change, and the steps which led to it, chronologically and logically, it is our business to scrutinize—not a grateful occupation indeed, but possibly instructive and useful.

Thomas Carlyle, after spending his previous life in Scotland, and from 1827 to 1834 in his solitude at Craigenputtoch, removed to London in the latter year, when thirty-eight years old. Since then he has permanently resided in London, in a house situated on one of the quiet streets running at right angles with the Thames. He came to London almost an unknown man; he has there become a great name and power in literature. He has had for friends such men as John Stuart Mill, Sterling, Maurice, Leigh Hunt, Browning, Thackeray, and Emerson. His "French Revolution" was published in 1837; "Sartor Resartus" (published in Frazer in 1833, and in Boston in a volume in 1836) was put forth collectively in 1838; and in the same year his "Miscellanies" (also collected and issued in Boston in 1838) were published in London, in four volumes. "Chartism" was issued in 1839. He gave four courses of Lectures in Willis's rooms "to a select but crowded audience," in 1837, 1833, 1839 and 1840. Only the last of these—"Heroes and Hero-Worship"—was published. "Past and Present" followed in 1843, "Oliver Cromwell" in 1845. In 1850 he issued "Latter-Day Pamphlets," and subsequently his "Life of Sterling" (1851), and the four volumes, now issued, of "Frederick the Great."

The first evidence of his altered tendency is perhaps to be traced in the "French Revolution." It is a noble and glorious book; but, as one of his friendly critics has said, "its philosophy is contemptuous and mocking, and it depicts the varied and gigantic characters which stalk across the scene, not so much as responsible and living mortals, as the mere mechanical implements of some tremendous and irresistible destiny." In "Heroes and Hero-Worship" the habit has grown of revering mere will, rather than calm intellectual and moral power. The same thing is shown in "Past and Present," in "Cromwell," and in "Latter-Day Pamphlets," which the critic quoted above says is "only remarkable as a violent imitation of himself, and not of his better self." For the works of this later period, indeed, the best motto would be that verse from Daniel: "He shall exalt himself, and magnify himself, and speak marvellous things; neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, but in his stead shall he honor the God of Forces, a god whom his fathers knew not."

Probably this apostasy from his better faith had begun, before this, to show itself in conversation. At least Margaret Fuller, in a letter dated 1846, finds herself in his presence admiring his brilliancy, but "disclaiming and rejecting almost everything he said." "For a couple of hours," says she, "he was talking about poetry, and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind." "All Carlyle's talk, another evening," says she, "was a defence of mere force—success the test of right; if people would not behave well, put collars round their necks; find a hero, and let them be his slaves." "Mazzini was there, and, after some vain attempts to remonstrate, became very sad. Mrs. Carlyle said to me, 'These are but opinions to Carlyle; but to Mazzini, who has given his all, and helped bring his friends to the scaffold, in pursuit of such subjects, it is a matter of life and death.'"

As this mood of Mr. Carlyle comes out so strongly in the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," it is perhaps best to dwell on them at greater leisure.

The first is "The Present Time." In this he describes Democracy as inevitable, but as utterly evil; calls for a government; finds most European governments, that of England included, to be shams and falsities—no-government, or drifting, to be a yet greater evil. The object, he states, is to find the noblest and best men to govern. Democracy fails to do this; for universal balloting is not adequate to the task. Democracy answered in the old republics, when the mass were slaves, but will not answer now. The United States are no proof of its success, for (1st) anarchy is avoided merely by the quantity of cheap land, and (2d) the United States have produced no spiritual results, but only material. Democracy in America is no-government, and "its only feat is to have produced eighteen millions of the greatest *bores* ever seen in the world." Mr. Carlyle's plan, therefore, is to find, somehow, the *best man* for a ruler, to make him a despot, to make the mass of the English and Irish slaves, to beat them if they will not work, to shoot them if they still refuse. The only method of finding this best man, which he suggests, is to *call for him*. Accordingly, Mr. Thomas Carlyle *calls*, saying, "Best man, come forward, and govern."

The sum, therefore, of his recipe for the diseases of the times is Slavery.

The second pamphlet is called "Model Prisons," and the main object of this is to ridicule all attempts at helping men by philanthropy or humanity. The talk of "Fraternity" is nonsense, and must be drummed out of the world. Beginning with model prisons, he finds them much too good for the "scoundrels" who are shut up there. He would have them whipped and hung (seventy thousand in a year, we suppose, as in bluff King Harry's time, with no great benefit therefrom). "Revenge," he says, "is a right feeling against bad men—only the excess of it wrong." The proper thing to say to a bad man is, "Caitiff, I hate thee." "A collar round the neck, and a cart-whip over the back," is what he thinks would be more just to criminals than a model prison. The whole effort of humanity should be to help the industrious and virtuous poor, the criminals should be swept out of the way, whipt, enslaved, or hung. As for human brotherhood, he does not admit brotherhood with "scoundrels." Particularly disgusting to him is it to hear this philanthropy to bad men called Christianity. Christianity, he thinks, does not tell us to love the bad, but to hate them as God hates them. Accordingly, probably, to his private expurgated version of the Gospel, "that ye may be the children of your Father in heaven, whose sun only rises on the good, and whose rain falls only on the just."

"Downing Street" and "New Downing Street" are fiery tirades against the governing classes in England. Mr. Carlyle says (according to his inevitable refrain), that England does not want a reformed Parliament, a body of talkers, but a reformed Downing Street, a body of workers. He describes the utter imbecility of the English government, and calls loudly for some able man to take its place. Two passages are worth quoting; the first as to England's aspect in her foreign relations, which is quite as true for 1864 as for 1854.

"How it stands with the Foreign Office, again, one still less knows. Seizures of Sapienza, and the like sudden appearances of Britain in the character of Hercules-Harlequin, waving, with big bully-voice, her sword of sharpness over field-mice, and in the air making horrid circles (horrid Catherine-wheels and death-disks of metallic terror from said huge sword) to see how they will like it. Hercules-Harlequin, the Attorney Triumphant, the World's busybody!"

Or see the following description of the sort of rulers who prevail in England, no less than in America:

"If our government is to be a No-Government, what is the matter who administers it? Fling an orange-skin into St. James Street, let the man it hits be your man. He, if you bend him a little to it, and tie the due official bladders to his ankles, will do as well as another this sublime problem of balancing himself upon the vortex, with the long, loaded pole in his hand, and will, with straddling, painful gestures, float hither and thither, walking the waters in that singular manner for a little while, till he also capsize, and be left floating feet uppermost—after which you choose another."

Concerning which we may say, that if this is the result of monarchy and aristocracy in England, we can stick a little longer to our democracy in America. Mr. Carlyle says that the object of all these methods is to find the ablest man for a ruler. He thinks our republican method very insufficient and absurd—much preferring the English system—and then tells us that this is the out-come of that; that you might as well select your ruler by throwing an orange-skin into the street as by the method taken in England.

Despotism, tempered by assassination, seems to be Carlyle's notion of a good government.

The pamphlet "Stump-Orator" is simply a bitter denunciation of all talking, speech-making, and writing as the curse of the time, and ends with the proposition to cut out the tongues of one whole generation, as an act of mercy to them and a blessing to the human race.

Thus this collection of "Latter-Day Pamphlets" consists of the bitterest cynicism. Carlyle sits in it, as in a tub, snarling at freedom, yelping at philanthropy, growling at the English government, snapping at all men who speak or write, and ending with one long howl over the universal falsity and hollowness of mankind in general.

After which he proceeds to his final apotheosis of despotism pure and simple, in this "Life of Frederick the Great." Of this it is not necessary to say more than that Frederick, being a perfect despot, but a very able one, having plunged Europe into war in order to steal Silesia, is everywhere admired, justified, or excused by Carlyle, who reserves his rebukes and contempt for those who find fault with all this.

That, with these opinions, Carlyle should have taken sides with the slaveholders' conspiracy against the Union is not surprising. His sympathies were with them; first, as slaveholders, secondly, as aristocrats. He hates us because we are Democrats, and he loves them because they are despots and tyrants. Long before the outbreak of the rebellion, he had ridiculed emancipation, and denounced as folly and evil the noblest deed of England—the emancipation of her West India slaves. In scornful, bitter satire, he denounced England for keeping the fast which God had chosen, in undoing the heavy burdens, letting the oppressed go free, and breaking every yoke. He ridiculed the black man, and described the poor patient African as "Quashee, steeped to the eyes in pumpkin." In the hateful service of oppression he had already done his best to uphold slavery and discourage freedom. And while he fully believed in enslaving the laboring population, black or white, and driving it to work by the cart-whip, he as fully abhorred republicanism everywhere, and most of all in the United States. He had exhausted the resources of language in vilifying American institutions. It was a matter of course, therefore, that at the outbreak of this civil war all his sympathies should be with those who whip women and sell babies. And yet it did seem a little strange that, in his attempt to settle the question in a dozen lines, he should have been unable to tell the truth. He published, it will be remembered, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, in May, 1863, what he called "The American Iliad in a Nutshell." That he should admire the women-whipping chivalry was natural, that he should desire the destruction of the Union was to be expected; but that a man who had spent his life in glorifying truth should condescend to falsify the facts in order to make out his case was rather pitiable. Yet this is what he said:

"*Ilias (Americana) in Nuce.*

"*Peter* of the North (to *Paul* of the South).—'Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year, as I do! You are going straight to hell, you—!'

"*Paul.*—'Good words, Peter! The risk is my own: I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and get straight to heaven; leave me to my own method.'

"*Peter.*—'No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first!' *(And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.)*

"T. C."

"May, 1863."

This statement contains these falsehoods.

Falsehood first. *Slavery is only hiring a man for life.*

To hire a man for a day, a month, or for life, is to *agree with him* that he shall render you a certain definite service, and receive for it a certain compensation. Now the slaveholder *makes no agreement* with the slave, enters into no compact with him, and gives him what food, clothing, shelter, he sees fit to give—no more and no less.

Again, the man who is hired gives his labor, but does not give himself. He cannot be bought or sold. If injured, he can break the contract by appealing to the laws. His wife cannot be taken from him, his children belong to him, not to his master. If he refuses to work, his master can compel him by appeal to the law, but he cannot whip him to death or burn him alive.

Such being the distinctions between hiring a man for life, and enslaving him, to call them the same thing, as it cannot be stupidity or ignorance, is simply a wilful falsehood on the part of our model truth-teller.

Falsehood second. *That the North attacked the South to make it leave off slaveholding.*

The question between the North and South was, whether slavery should be excluded or not from the Territories belonging to the whole Union. Nobody proposed to abolish slavery in the States. As to that, we all agreed that the risk of Paul was his own. The North elected a President who was pledged against allowing slavery to go into the Territories. Thereupon the South rebelled, attacked Fort Sumter, took by force the United States forts, arsenals, ammunition, and began the war.

This Carlyle calls Peter of the North trying to beat out Paul's brains, to make him leave off "hiring his servants for life."

How is it that this great change should have taken place? Men change—but not often in this way. The ardent reformer often hardens into the stiff conservative. The radical in religion is very likely to join the Catholic Church. If a Catholic changes his religion, he goes over to atheism. To swing from one extreme to another, is a common experience. But it is a new thing to see calmness in youth, violence in age—to find the young man wise and all-sided, the old man bigoted and narrow. But such has been the course with Carlyle.

We think the explanation to be this.

Thomas Carlyle from the beginning has not shown the least appreciation of the essential thing in Christianity. Brought up in Scotland, inheriting from Calvinism a sense of truth, a love of justice, and a reverence for the Jewish Bible, he has never passed out of Judaism into Christianity. To him, Oliver Cromwell is the best type of true religion. Inflexible justice is the best attribute of God or man. He is a worshipper of Jehovah, not of the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. He sees in God truth and justice; he does not see in him love. He is himself a prophet after the type of Elijah and John the Baptist. He is the voice crying in the wilderness; and we may say of him, therefore, as was said of his prototype, "He was a burning and a shining light, and ye were willing, for a season, to rejoice in his light"—but not always—not now.

Carlyle does not, indeed, claim to be a Jew, or to reject Christ. On the contrary, he speaks of him with very sincere respect. He seems, however, to know nothing of him but what he has read in Goethe about the "worship of sorrow." The Gospel appears to him to be, essentially, a worship of sorrow. That Christ "came to save sinners"—of that Carlyle has not the faintest idea. To him the notion of "saving sinners" is only "rose-water philanthropy." He does not wish them saved, he wishes them damned—swept into hell as soon as convenient.

But now, as everything which is real has two sides—that of *truth* and that of *love*—it always happens that he who only sees *one* at last ceases even to see that. All goodness, to Carlyle, is truth—in man being sincerity, or love of reality, sight of the actual facts—in God being justice, divine adherence to law, infinite guidance of the world and of every human soul according to a strict and inevitable rule of righteousness. At first this seems to be a providence—and Carlyle has everywhere, in the earlier epoch, shown full confidence in Providence. But believe only in justice and truth—omit the doctrine of forgiveness, redemption, salvation—and faith in Providence becomes sooner or later a dark despairing fatalism. The dark problem of evil remains insoluble without the doctrine of redemption.

So it was that Carlyle, seeing at first the chief duty of man to be the worship of reality, the love of truth—next made that virtue to consist in sincerity, or being in earnest. Truth was being true to one's self. In this lay the essence of heroism. So that Burns, being sincere and earnest, was a hero—Odin was a hero—Mohammed was a hero—Cromwell was a hero—Mirabeau and Danton were heroes—and Frederick the Great was a hero. That which was first the love of truth, and caused him to reverence the calm intellectual force of Schiller and Goethe, soon became earnestness and sincerity, and then became power. For the proof of earnestness is power. So from power, by eliminating all love, all tenderness, as being only rose-water philanthropy, he at last became a worshipper of mere will, of force in its grossest form. So he illustrates those lines of Shakspeare in which this process is so well described. In "Troilus and Cressida" Ulysses is insisting on the importance of keeping everything in its place, and giving to the best things and persons their due priority. Otherwise, says he, mere force will govern all things.

"Strength would be lord of imbecility,"—

as Carlyle indeed openly declares that it ought to be,—

"And the rude son should strike his father dead,"

which Carlyle does not quite approve of in the case of Dr. Francia. But why not, if you maintain that strength is the measure of justice?

"Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice, too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself."

Just so, in the progress of Carlyle's literary career, first, force became right—then, everything included itself in power—next, power was lost in will, and will in mere caprice or appetite. From his admiration for Goethe, as the type of intellectual power, he passed to the praise of Cromwell as the exponent of will, and then to that of Frederick, whose appetite for plunder and territory was seconded by an iron will and the highest power of intellect; but whose ambition devoured himself, his country, and its prosperity, in the mad pursuit of victory and conquest.

The explanation, therefore, of our author's lapse, is simply this, that he worshipped truth divorced from love, and so ceased to worship truth, and fell into the idolatry of mere will. Truth without love is not truth, but hard, wilful opinion, just as love without truth is not love, but weak good-nature and soft concession.

Carlyle has no idea of that sublime feature of Christianity, which shows to us God caring more for the one sinner who repents than the ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance. To him one just person deserves more care than ninety-nine sinners. Yet it is strange that he did not learn from his master, Goethe, this essential trait of the Gospel. For Goethe, in a work translated by Carlyle himself, distinguishes between the three religions thus. The ethnic or Gentile religions, he says, reverence *what is above us*—the religion of the philosoper reverences *what is on our own level*—but Christianity reverences *what is beneath us.* "This is the last step," says Goethe, "which mankind were destined to attain—to recognize humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, as divine—nay, *even on sin and crime to look not as hindrances, but to honor and love them as furtherances of what is holy.*"

On sin and crime, as we have seen, Carlyle looks with no such tenderness. He would bring back the methods of King Harry, and hang seventy thousand criminals every year, if we may trust his own declarations. But if he does not care for the words of *Christ*, teaching us that we must forgive if we hope to be forgiven, if he does not care for the words of his master, Goethe, he might at least remember his own exposition of this doctrine in an early work, where he shows that the poor left to perish by disease infect a whole community, and declares that the safety of all is involved in the safety of the humblest.

In 1840, when he wrote "Chartism," Carlyle seems to have known better than he did in 1855, when he wrote these Latter-Day Pamphlets. *Then* he said:

"To believe practically that the poor and luckless are here only as a nuisance to be abraded and abated, and in some permissible manner made away, and swept out of sight, is not an amiable faith."

Of Ireland, too, he said:

"We English pay, even now, the bitter smart of long centuries of injustice to Ireland." "It is the feeling of *injustice* that is insupportable to all men. The brutalest black African feels it, and cannot bear that he should be used unjustly. No man can bear it, or ought to bear it."

This seems like the "rose-water philanthropy" which he subsequently so much disliked. In this book also he speaks of a "seven years' Silesian robber-war"—we trust not intending to call his beloved Frederick a robber! And again he proposes, as one of the best things to be done in England, to have all the people taught by government to read and write—the same thing which this American democracy, in which he could see not one good thing, has been so long doing. That was the plan by which England was to be saved—a plan first suggested in England in 1840—adopted and acted on in America for two hundred years.

But just as love separated from truth becomes hatred, so *truth* by itself—truth *not* tempered and fulfilled by love—runs sooner or later into falsehood. *Truth*, after a while, becomes dogmatism, overbearing assertion, wilful refusal to see and hear other than one's own belief; that is to say, it becomes falsehood. Such has been the case with our author. On all the subjects to which he has committed himself he closes his eyes, and refuses to see the other side. Like his own symbol, the mighty Bull, he makes his charge *with his eyes shut.*

Determined, for example, to *rehabilitate* such men as Mirabeau, Cromwell, Frederick, and Frederick's father, he does thorough work, and defends or excuses all their enormities, palliating whenever he cannot justify.

What can we call this which he says (Frederick the Great, Vol. II. p. 223) concerning the execution of Lieutenant Katte, by order of old King Friedrich Wilhelm? Tired of the tyranny of his father, tired of being kicked and caned, the young prince tried to escape. He was caught and held as a deserter from the army, and his father tried to run him through the body. Lieutenant Katte, who had aided him in getting away, having been kicked and caned, was sent to a court-martial to be tried. The court-martial found him not guilty of deserting, but intending to desert, and sentenced him to two years' imprisonment. Whereupon the king went into a rage, and declared that Katte had committed high treason, and ordered him to be executed. Whereupon Carlyle thus writes:

"'Never was such a transaction before or since in modern history,' cries the angry reader; 'cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under millstones; like—' Or, indeed, like the doings of the gods which are cruel, but not that alone."

In other words, Carlyle cannot make up his mind frankly to condemn this atrocious murder, and call it by its right name. He must needs try to sophisticate us by talking about "the doings of the gods." Because Divine Providence takes men out of the world in various ways, it is therefore allowable to a king, provided he be a hero grim enough and "earnest" enough, to kick men, cane them, and run them through the body when he pleases; and after having sent a man to be tried by court-martial, if the court acquits him, to order him to be executed by his own despotic will. A truth-telling Carlyle ought to have said, "I admit this is murder; but I like the old fellow, and so I will call it right." A Carlyle grown sophistical mumbles something about its being like "the doings of the gods," and leaves off with that small attempt at humbug. Be brave, my men, and defend my Lord Jeffreys next for bullying juries into hanging prisoners. Was not Jeffreys "grim" too? In fact, are not most murderers "grim"?

We have had occasion formerly, in this journal, to examine the writings of another very positive and clear-headed thinker—Mr. Henry James. Mr. James is, in his philosophy, the very antithesis of Carlyle. With equal fervor of thought, with a like vehemence of style, with a somewhat similar contempt for his opponents, Mr. James takes exactly the opposite view of religion and duty. As Carlyle preaches the law, and the law alone, maintaining justice as the sole Divine attribute, so Mr. James preaches the Gospel only, denying totally that to the Divine Mind any distinction exists between saint and sinner, unless that the sinner is somewhat more of a favorite than the saint. He maintains the Irishman's doctrine, that "one man is as good as another, and better too." We did not, do not, agree with Mr. James in his antinomianism; as between him and Carlyle, we think his doctrine far the truer and nobler. He stands on a higher plain, and sees much the farther. A course of reading in Mr. James's books might, we think, help our English cynic not a little.

God is the perfect harmony of justice and love. His justice is warmed through and through with love, his love is sanctified and made strong by justice. And so, in Christ, perfect justice was fulfilled in perfect love. But in him first was fully revealed, in this world, this Divine fatherly tenderness to the lost, to the sinner, to those lowest down and farthest away. In him was taught that our own redemption from evil does not lie in despising and hating men worse than ourselves, but in saving them. The hard Pharisaic justice of Carlyle may call this "rose-water philanthropy," but till he accepts it from his heart, and repents of his contempt for his fallen fellow-men, till he learns to love "scoundrels," there is no hope for him. He lived once in the heaven of reverence, faith, and love; he has gone from it into the hell of Pharisaic scorn and contempt. Till he comes back out of that, there is no hope for him.

But such a noble nature cannot be forever lost. He will one day, let us trust, worship the Divine love which he now abhors. Cromwell asked, on his deathbed, "if those once in a state of grace could fall," and being assured not, said, "I am safe then, for I am sure I was once in a state of grace." There is a truth in this doctrine of the perseverance of saints. Some truths once fully seen, even though afterward rejected by the mind and will, stick like a barbed arrow in the conscience, tormenting the soul till they are again accepted and obeyed. Such a truth Carlyle once saw, in the great doctrine of reverence for the fallen and the sinful. He will see it again, if not in this world, then in some other world.

The first Carlyle was an enthusiast, the last Carlyle is a cynic. From enthusiasm to cynicism, from the spirit of reverence to the spirit of contempt, the way seems long, but the condition of arriving is simple. Discard Love, and the whole road is passed over. Divorce love from truth, and truth ceases to be open and receptive—ceases to be a positive function, turns into acrid criticism, bitter disdain, cruel and hollow laughter, empty of all inward peace. Such is the road which Carlyle has passed over, from his earnest, hopeful youth to his bitter old age. His only use to us now is in this moral which we have attempted to draw from his career.

Thus Carlyle fulfilled for many, during these years, the noble work of a mediator. By reverence and love he saw what was divine in nature, in man, and in life. By the profound sincerity of his heart, his worship of all reality, his hatred of all falsehood, he escaped from the commonplaces of literature to a better land of insight and knowledge. So he was enabled to lead many others on, out of their entanglements, into his own luminious insight. It was a great and blessed work. Would that it had been sufficient for him!

Praise.—There is a commendation which affords me an exquisite satisfaction; I mean a commendation which flows from an unaffected love of goodness, and from a desire to confirm it. Such commendation confers more honor on those who give than on him who receives it, and shows him that he has a place, not in the admiration of a superficial mind, but in the affections of a good and pure heart. But to be daubed with undiscerning praise; to have my frailties forced on my mind by being told that I have none, to receive a tribute which my heart disclaims, and which fills me with apprehension lest I have been a hypocrite, and have practiced concealment, more effectually than most of my fellow beings—this is indeed painful and humiliating.—*Channing.*

A HIGHLAND WEDDING.

Among the most pleasing remembrances of my life is a visit which I paid some years ago at the house of a venerable clergyman, the minister of a country parish in a remote district of the Scottish Highlands. The happy days which I spent there with my old friend and his amiable family, form one of those "green spots on memory's waste" which we are all glad to look back upon, as a solace amid the troubles or monotony inseparable from our daily existence.

The manse or parsonage where I made this sojourn was one of the most beautifully situated that I ever saw, and was much superior in general appearance to the ordinary residences of the Scottish clergy. It stood on a rising-ground near the bank of one of the largest of the Highland rivers, and on the outskirts of an extensive pine-forest, which stretched away for nearly three miles to the base of a lofty range of hills, by which a wide strath or plain was enclosed. Lawns and shrubberies surrounded the house; and about half-way between the latter and the river, stood the plain but neat church, surrounded by its little churchyard.

The marriage of a certain worthy Highland couple happened to take place during my visit at the manse. For some time, the approaching hymeneals had been the subject of considerable discussion, both the bride and bridegroom being extensively connected throughout the parish. I had been informed that I would have an opportunity of being present at the auspicious event; and having a great curiosity myself in the matter, I was agreeably excited one evening, by an announcement that John Mackenzie (the bridegroom-elect) wished to speak to "the minister." Mr. —— replied by desiring the servant to show John into the parlor—a proceeding which, it may be observed in passing, was always regarded as a mark of great favor, only shown to special persons among the parishioners. The intending bridegroom accordingly entered—a strong-built man, with coarse brown hair and red whiskers, and wearing a broad grin on his face. He was dressed partly in his working-clothes, but had thrown over them his best coat, and twisted his plaid tightly round his shoulder. He shook hands with each of us, and sat down beside the minister, who spoke to him in Gaelic. Every one present understood this language except myself, to whom, therefore, all that John Mackenzie said was quite incomprehensible, until a sort of bend from him to each led me to conjecture that he was dispensing to the company an invitation to his marriage. I followed the example of the rest in acknowledging the compliment by a bow of acquiescence, and shortly afterward our Benedict took his departure. The minister's youngest son accompanied him part of the way home, and returned in great glee, saying that he had been invited to the bridegroom's breakfast. It was customary, it seemed, for the bridegroom to invite all his friends to breakfast at his house on the morning of the marriage, and for the party afterwards to walk to the bride's residence in procession, two by two, headed by a piper, amid the incessant discharge of guns and pistols.

On the morning of the wedding, we started in dog-carts on our journey of seven miles to witness the festivities. On our way we overtook the bridegroom's party while resting themselves, after having walked six miles, with other three yet to go. As we passed, they gave us a hearty cheer, whilst the bagpipes screamed a joyous "quickstep." At length we reached the cottage of the bride's father, and were received by an elderly-looking woman, to whom one of our company remarked: "I suppose you are the bride's mother?" "No, no," she replied, tossing her head indignantly: "I am her sister." We were told afterwards that this sister had been married for thirty years to a brother of the bridegroom. I asked for the bride, and whether we could see her before the ceremony, having in my mind's eye the retiring maiden waiting with nervous expectation the approaching solemnity. "O, surely," her sister replied; "you *must* see the bride"; and she then told a bystander to run to the barn, and tell the bride that the ladies wished to see her. Turning to us, she added: "They have been dancing in the barn since breakfast." I learned then that the bride also, on the wedding morning, has a breakfast for her friends, after which dancing commences, and continues until the minister and bridegroom arrive. In a short time we saw approaching a tall, pleasant-featured woman, hanging tightly on the arm of a Highlandman in full costume, whilst on the other side she leaned on the arm of a young woman. It was the bride, supported by her bridemaid and brideman, both the bride and the bridegroom being provided each with a man and a maid. We shook hands, and wished the bride all happiness. She was neatly and becomingly dressed in a white and blue printed muslin, and a smart cap decked with white ribbons, and lily of the valley flowers. The bridemaid wore a cap almost similar, and being a pretty young girl, we thought it a pity that she did not dispense with all covering to her head; but it seems to be the custom to put on a cap on this special occasion. Believing that I perceived in her a strong family likeness, I said to the bride looking at her companion: "This is your sister, I suppose?" "O no; she is my *nephew*"—a statement which tried rather severely our command of countenance; and to avoid overtaxing it, we were glad to turn aside into the cottage, on the plea of getting our bonnets disposed of previous to the ceremonies. It was afterwards explained to me that there is no word in Gaelic for nephew or niece, the term being sister's son or daughter, as the case may be; so that in speaking English a Highlander often applies the word *nephew* to both sexes.

We were now summoned to the marriage-ceremony, which took place in a low-roofed, old-looking room, crammed to the very door with people, whilst a large number, in addition, had to remain outside. The hymeneal rites were soon completed; indeed, these, the most essential part of the whole procedure, seemed to be considered the least important. We now proceeded to the dining-room, a large apartment, in which a long array of tables, covered with white cloth, was set out, with wooden benches for seats. Here we were served with a most abundant repast. It consisted, first, of innumerable tureens of barley-broth; then came legs of roasted mutton, and legs of boiled mutton, with roasted and boiled fowls, roast ducks, and potatoes in abundance. A supply of large rice-puddings, with jugs of rich cream, and home-made cheese sliced on plates, with bread and butter, completed the feast. A bottle of whiskey was passed down the table, but, with this exception, the only liquor at table was water. The clergyman, as the most honored guest, sat at the head of the principal table, and next to him was the bride, with her bridemaid and brideman, who never left her. In sitting down to dinner, I had looked about for the bridegroom, but couldn't see him nowhere. At length I perceived a man extremely like him, wearing a large blue apron, which was pinned over his breast, and descended to his feet. The more I looked at this man, who was hurrying backwards and forwards bringing in the tureens of broth, I felt convinced that my conjecture was right, but, afraid of committing some mistake, I asked the bride, who sat next me: "Where is the bridegroom?"

"O, he is there," pointing to the man with the blue apron.

"Dear me! Let him come here: he can have a seat with us, and be near you."

"No, no; he must not do that; he must wait at the dinner; it's the fashion; and it would never do for him to sit down with the rest of the folk."

Here, I thought, was an illustration of the primitive custom referred to in Scripture, of the master of a household waiting on his guests at their meals.

On dinner being ended, several toasts were given, and we then adjourned out of doors until the apartment where we had dined could be cleared for dancing. We were thankful to get into the open air, for a hundred and fifty persons had been accommodated in the banqueting-hall. In a very brief space of time, however, we were again summoned thither by the sound of the bagpipes, and going in, found the dancers hard at work. Such dancing I had never before seen or imagined! Reels were the only dances in vogue, and the spirit and vigor with which these were gone through, were perfectly astonishing to me, a stranger. Such bounding and springing, shouting and cracking of fingers, and such an amount of activity and earnestness in the pastime, I never could have imagined. I noticed that every man present considered it his duty to ask the bride to dance, a request with which she invariably complied, but only to the extent of one round, the bridemaid thereupon getting up, taking her place, and finishing the dance. Two fiddles were played, at intervals, to relieve the piper. The apartment was so crowded that there was neither standing nor sitting room for all, and accordingly the men sat down, and each woman as she came from the dance seated herself on her partner's knee! I recollect at one time seeing the whole room thus lined with men, each of whom served the purpose of a chair. Rather to my astonishment, too, I found an old lady of our own party, who had spent all her life in this part of the country, taking advantage of the rest thus proffered. She had entered into the business of the day with immense enthusiasm, and had joined in the dancing with great spirit. We bantered her a little on the subject, but she remained imperturbably grave, and nothing apparently could induce her to regard the procedure in any other light than a convenient and necessary arrangement. To quote her own words: "And why not? The respectable man saw me standing, and asked me would I not take a seat, and I was very glad to get one!"

It was now time for the party from the manse to be wending its way home; and accordingly, after partaking of tea, we took our departure, much gratified by the interesting scenes which we had witnessed. We afterwards learned that the dancing was kept up until an early hour next morning, whilst the newly-married couple, with a select party of friends, quietly left the dancers enjoying themselves, and walked to their own home, nine miles distant.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE "MEAN WHITES" OF THE SOUTH.

[From "Down in Tennessee, and Back, by Way of Richmond," by Edmund Kirke.]

Professor Cairnes, in his very valuable and generally accurate work on the Slave Power (pages 54, 55), says:

"In the Southern States, no less than five millions of human beings are now said to exist in a condition little removed from savage life, eking out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, and by plunder. Combining the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage, with the vices of the *prolétaire* of civilized communities, these people make up a class at once degraded and dangerous; and constantly re-inforced, as they are by all that is idle, worthless and lawless among the population of the neighboring States, form an inexhaustible preserve of ruffianism, ready at hand for all the worst purposes of Southern ambition....Such are the 'mean whites' or 'white trash' of the Southern States....This class comprises, as I have said, five millions of human beings—about seven-tenths of the whole white population."

This opinion of Professor Cairnes is no doubt held by fully nineteen-twentieths of the people of the Northern States and of England. But it is a great—a very great error. Having read of, or seen, the wretched specimens of humanity who loiter about the railway stations, or hover around the large plantations on the great Southern thoroughfares, they have jumped to the conclusion that they represent "seven-tenths of the whole white population" of the South! The very idea is preposterous, for if it were so, one-half of the Southern people would be paupers, and no community could exist which had to support that proportion of non-producers. But it is not so. The great mass of "poor whites" are superior (and I say this with due deliberation, and after sixteen years' acquaintance with them) to every other class of uncultivated men, save our Northern farmers, on the globe. They *all* were born in this country, and have imbibed from our institutions—distorted and perverted as they are at the South—a sturdy independence, and an honest regard for each other's rights, which make them, though of Scotch, Scotch-Irish, or English descent, better soldiers, better citizens, and better *men* than the over-worked, ignorant, half-starved, turbulent, and degraded peasantry whom England vomits upon the North to create riots, rule in our elections, and support such politicians as Fernando Wood.

There is at the South such a class as Mr. Cairnes speaks of. They are appropriately called "mean trash," and "eke out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, and by plunder," but they are a comparatively small class. The census shows that they cannot number above half a million.

These people do combine "the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage, with the vices of the *prolétaire* of civilized communities," are "at once degraded and dangerous," and form a "preserve of ruffianism, ready at hand for all the worst purposes of Southern ambition." In fact, I was about to add that *all* the ruffianism of the South is confined to them and to the "chivalry," but I will not say it, for it would not be strictly true.

To give the reader an idea of what these "mean whites" are, I will glance for a moment at their habits and ways of living. Often their houses are the rude pole wigwams of the Indian—shaped like a sugar-loaf—with merely a hole at the top to let the smoke out, and—the rain in; but, generally, they live in small huts of rough logs, through the crevices of which the wind, in Winter, whistles a most melancholy tune. These huts are floored with nothing but the ground—hardened with mauls, and hollowed at the centre, as if to hold the rain that comes in at the roof—and their one apartment is furnished with a few rickety chairs, a pine log—hewn smooth on the upper side, and made to serve as a sofa—a cracked skillet, a dirty frying-pan, an old-fashioned rifle, two or three sleepy dogs, and a baker's dozen of half-clad children, with skins and hair colored like a tallow candle dipped in tobacco-juice. In one corner may be a mud oven, half crumbled back to its original earth, and in the others, two or three low beds, with corn-shuck mattresses and tattered furnishings; but the whole aspect of the place reminds one strongly of a tolerably-kept swine-sty or dog-kennel. The character of the inmates of these hovels is suited to their surroundings. They are indolent, shiftless, and thieving; given to whiskey-drinking, snuff-dipping, clay-eating, and all manner of social vices. Brothers intermarry with sisters, fathers cohabit with daughters, and husbands sell, or barter away, their wives, as freely as they would their hounds, or as the planter would his slaves. I have myself met a number of these *white* women who had been sold into prostitution by their natural protectors, for a few dollars or a good rifle.

Their indolence is almost past belief. They are literally "too lazy to come in when it rains." A traveller tells of asking shelter at one of their shanties in a storm. The rain was pouring in at the roof, and the family were huddled about the only dry spot on the floor.

"Why don't you mend your roof?" the traveller asked.

"Stranger," replied the host, "we can't do it—it rains."

"But it doesn't always rain—why not mend it in dry weather?"

"Why, wh—what's the use o' mendin' it when it doan't leak?" was the very sensible reply.

Still, they have a mortal antipathy to water. They never take it outwardly, unless the roof leaks, or they are caught in a rain-storm, and never inwardly, unless it is mixed with apple-jack or whiskey. Whiskey is their staple beverage. By exchanging deer or other game (their only currency) at some cross-road doggery, they obtain plentiful supplies of a vile fluid, which is compounded of logwood, strychnine, juniper berries, and alcohol, and "circulates" among them under the appropriate name of "Tangle-foot," "Blue-ruin," "Red-Eye," "Bust-head" and "Knock-'em-stiff." If the vender of this vile stuff did not dilute it freely with water—so freely that it rarely fails to itself "get tight" in cold weather—the race of "mean Southern whites" would soon be swept from the earth. As it is, they seem to thrive and fatten upon it; old men, dozing away in the chimney-corner, and little children, tottling about the floor, drink it as if it were water.

A Northern man was once forced to dine at one of these hovels. Missing the customary "whiskey-kag" from the table, he said to the housewife:

"Can't you give me a mug of Knock-'em-stiff?"

"I can't, stranger," was her reply: "I hain't nary drap ter speer!"

"None to spare! Why I see a barrel of it there in the corner!"

"A barr'l uv it!" exclaimed the woman, "why, what's thet fur a lone widder an' sevin chillen? We shill be nation dry 'fore Winter's over!"

Not one in a thousand of these people can read, and not one in *ten* thousand can write. I have known many who never saw a book or a newspaper, and some who never *heard* of a Bible or a spelling-book. As a consequence of such ignorance, they have very crude notions of God and religious duty. In fact, though they often spend weeks at camp-meetings, shouting "Glory" and groaning "Old Hundred," they have no religion. I once heard one of their preachers deliver a sermon which well illustrated their knowledge of *spiritual* things.

It was at a little church in the shadow of Bell mountain, one of the immense range dividing North Carolina from Tennessee.

The building was a simple structure of logs, with a puncheon floor, and a single opening for a door, but without a window or a chimney. On a bare spot in its centre a huge light-wood fire was blazing, and roaring, and fuming, and forcing thick volumes of smoke into the people's e